

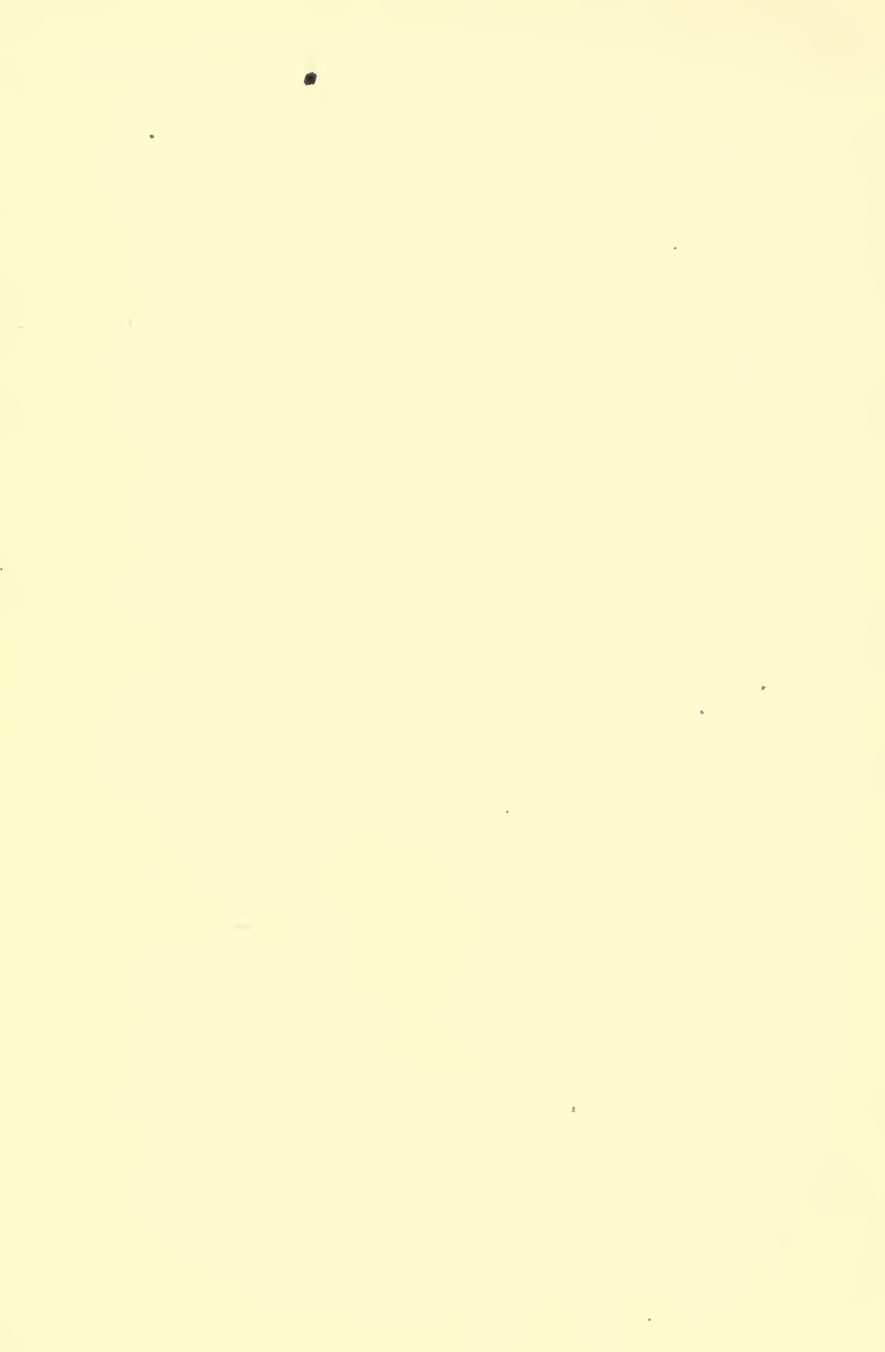
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TONGUES
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THE TONGUES OF TOIL

THE TONGUES OF TOIL

AND OTHER POEMS

BY

WILLIAM FRANCIS BARNARD



THE FRATERNAL PRESS
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1911

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FOREWORD

THE author of this volume has long treasured in intent the creation of a body of verse which should set forth, however imperfectly, the spirit of the great cause of labor. Certain writings of William Morris, poet and craftsman, and the utterances of Tolstoy respecting the relations of art to a common humanity, have helped to point the way, and now, at length, the fruits of his toil are gathered together in these pages, and the writer's ambition is fulfilled.

He cannot allow these poems to leave his hands, however, without bearing testimony to the truth, that the cause of labor, which is but the cause of humanity at large, is more inspiring to the poet, and more fruitful of results than is any other source of creative effort. The red blood of a united race courses through his veins, and thrills him who sings the songs of toil, and takes a pleasure in the singing.

This volume includes a few poems from the author's earlier book, "The Moods of Life". These are added because they are in peculiar harmony with the spirit of these pages, and because the volume in which they originally appeared was issued in a limited edition.



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THE TONGUES OF TOIL

DO you hear us call from a hundred lands,
Lords of a dying name?
We are the men of the sinewed hands
Whom the earth and the seas acclaim.
We are the hordes which have made you lords,
And gathered your gear and spoil,
And we speak with a word that shall be heard—
Hark to the tongues of toil!

The power of your hands it falls at last,
The strength of your rule is o'er,
Where the might of a million slaves is massed
To the shouts of a million more.
We rise, we rise, 'neath the western skies,
And the dawns of the east afar;
And our myriads swarm in the southlands
warm,
And under the northern star!

THE TONGUES OF TOIL

We take no thought of the fears you feel,
And the rage you hold at heart,
Nor of all your strength of the gold and steel
Enthroned at the gates of the mart.
We have no care for the deeds you dare,
For the force of your armies hurled;
You stand but few, and we challenge you—
Strong men of all the world!

We served as your fools when time was young,
And long, long, we forbore,
Glad of the niggard boons you flung,
The least of your ample store;
But the gnawing pain of a starving brain
Is great as the belly need—
We have learned at last from a hungry past
The joys of a rebel deed!

We come, we come, with the force of fate;
We are not weak, but strong.
We parley not, and we cannot wait;
We march with a freeman's song.
We claim for meed what a life can need
That lives as a life should live—
Not less, not more, from the plenteous store
Which free-born labors give!

THE TONGUES OF TOIL

We will shape a world as a world should be,
With room and enough for all.
We will rear a race of the wise and free,
And not of the great and small.
And the heart and the mind of humankind
Shall drink to the dregs of good,
Forgetting the tears of the darker years,
And the curse of a bondman's blood!

In vain you soften the voice of greed,
In vain you speak us fair;
The time is late, and we hark nor heed;
In gladness still we dare.
Yield, then, yield, to the force we wield,
To the masses of our might;
We are countleſs strong at the throat of wrong,
The warriors of the right!

Yes, we are the captains of the earth
And the warders of the sea—
Of a race new born in nobler birth,
The mighty and the free!
We clasp all hands, to the farthest lands;
We swear by our mother soil,
To take the meed who have done the deed!
Hark to the tongues of toil!

FRANCISCO FERRER.

ONCE more time writes the truth in blood,
in reddest blood, that all may see ;
Once more life gives her best to death to pay
the price which sets men free.
Once more the silent martyr's voice speaks
louder than the thunder can,
And echoes round and round the world, and
thrills the heart of every man.

Yes, Socrates accepts again the hemlock in his
dungeon there,
And Jesus, crowned by Roman thorns, writhes
on his cross raised high in air.
Fire meets a heart more hot than fire where
Bruno's ashes crumble down,
And hangman's gallows choke the breath, but
not the love, of brave John Brown.

FRANCISCO FERRER

“Let man see clear, and that he may, let all
our children have the light!”

This was the message Ferrer spoke, his word
in superstition's night.

Is this the thing for which you killed; is this
the crime he did, and died;

Are such, are such, black deeds of wrong, to
which e'en mercy is denied!

You tyrants, trembling while you slay, see
time's handwriting on the wall;

Look on the words, and know they tell that
kings and all their strength shall fall.

Each stifled voice, it sounds your doom, each
shackelled wrist shakes all your power;

Each martyr drags you to the dust. There
comes the people's triumph hour.

And you, black priests, who wear love's mask,
and if men doubt you, curse, and kill,

Know this: although your victims bleed, their
memories are potent still.

Cringe at your altars; be afraid; beg heaven
for its avenging rod;

The time is nigh which ends your power, which
breaks you, as it breaks your god!

FRANCISCO FERRER

Come, little children, like the flowers; you innocents he loved to love;
Who filled his soul with happy dreams, the dreams he gave his days to prove,
Hark to his story o'er and o'er, while tender eyes with tears are wet;
A tribute of the love you bear, your promise never to forget.

And we, the sires, the sons of men, whose children's children yet shall live;
Who here would bring him worthiest praise, and all of honor glad would give;
Would mark our foreheads with his blood, and all his sacred wounds would kiss—
May we be equal to his faith, and worthy of the sacrifice!

They rise in myriads at his name, to do the work his faith began;
Ten thousand stand where Ferrer fell, to speed the cause of struggling man.
Or live, or die in anguish keen, or madden 'neath the prison stone,
They cease not from the battle here, till truth's last torturer falls, o'erthrown!

THE HANGMAN.

THE hangman's hands are dyed with blood,
And all they touch or hold
Is stained and streaked with a clotted flood,
E'en to his bloody gold—
The coins that are paid for human breath
And the lives which he has sold.

In scarlet hue stand old and new—
His clothes, his board, his bed.
There is blood in the cup that he lifts up,
And crimson is his bread;
And e'en his floors and walls and doors
Are marked with gory red.

The hangman's face is dull and grey,
And soulless are his eyes;
That he may live from day to day,
Some fellow-being dies.
The tears of the young are naught to him,
Nor age's stifled cries.

THE HANGMAN

He does not know the sob of woe ;
 Black fear he does not feel ;
Hardly a word from his lips is heard,
 And his ears heed no appeal.
His cruel chin reveals within
 A nature hard as steel.

The hangman's thoughts are not of love,
 Nor are they yet of hate ;
They do not lift themselves above
 The dungeon's iron grate ;
Their interests are the knotted rope
 And the heavy gallows weight.

His mind is filled with the counted killed
 And the hope of more to come,
And the price they fling when men must swing,
 Which makes a goodly sum ;
For his reason waits on the law's black hates,
 And, save for this, stands dumb.

The hangman's soul lies stiff and stark,
 The hangman's heart is dead ;
And the need of friends is a burnt-out spark
 From which the flame has fled ;
For he is marked with murder's mark,
 And with blood upon his head.

THE HANGMAN

In times of rest he knows no guest—
 No hand will touch him, none!
Nor woman mild nor happy child
 Greets him when day is done;
And he walks the night, a poison blight,
 An outcast of the sun!

JOY AND LABOR.

THE joy of labor, and the joy of song,
Delight of pleasure, and delight of rest,
And happy peace, the heart's full welcome
guest,
All these are one, like friends in gladsome
throng.
Nay, toiling brain and hands with sinews
strong,
Hot sweating brows, and heavy heaving breast,
'Tis unto work that nature yields her best;
Why do you, then, cry out upon a wrong?

An answer comes from countless sons of toil,
Borne as on mighty winds from everywhere,
"Yes, work were sweet, if we might glean the
soil,
And own the things we fashion with our care;
But masters take our substance for their spoil:
We are but slaves; the curse of work lies
there!"

TO A. M. B.

A LABOR of love you have given
Through the long stretch of the years,
And cherished and trusted and striven,
Nor yielded to shadowy fears,
But smiled when your thoughts were of
tears.

The gladdest when hope walked before me,
All constant when doubt dogged my feet,
My comrade when effort outwore me,
Amidst life's harsh stress and its heat,
How shall I your praises repeat?

Sage in your youth with your learning,
Full wise in your womanhood still,
Ever a prophetess, yearning
For worlds which high dreams should
fulfill, •
You have burned in your heart and your
will.

TO A. M. B.

Spirit all staunch and heroic,
O'erflowing with faith in mankind,
You have borne with the will of a stoic
The pangs which true service must find,
And still kept serene in your mind.

And with that high trust born of woman,
Her soul's most miraculous part,
That greatest of glories most human,
You have poured out the wine of your
heart,
And strengthened e'en me for my part.

Though the years have brought sweet with
the bitter,
And the tares have not filled up the
sheaves,
I have thought that your days had been fitter
With more flowers of life mid the leaves,
And with less of the fate that bereaves.

Has the labor been worthy the doing?
No happier boons did you miss?
Is there no reason for rueing?
Have I been worthy of this?
Is it triumph, and not sacrifice?

TO A. M. B.

Because naught of praise can requite you,
 Though all splendor of praise I afford,
The fruits of my years must delight you
 And be your sole gift and reward.
My harvest of song I accord.

Take this, and let all be a token
 Of a love which still lasts and allures.
I give to your trust still unbroken
 Each song, though it dies or endures;
For myself and my songs all are yours.

Take these, with my memories tender;
 Take these, with hope's star-scattered
 beams.
Take all, with the visions of splendor
 That shine from the future in gleams—
My highest, my holiest dreams.

A RHAPSODY

A RIOT of violets under the trees,
With cool curving branches above them;
Wild apple blossoms and cavalier bees
To daunt them and dazzle and love them;
Wingèd clouds in the sky and the sun on the
grass;
White birches poised over the river,
Which here is all smooth like a shadowing
glass,
And there is all ripples, aquiver;
Soft wind making waves on the wheat as it
goes;
A bird in a tree top, aswinging,
Too glad to find voice till its heart overflows
And floods in a torrent of singing——

What wonder that two 'neath the spell of it all,
And wrought with the wine of June weather,
Must rapture at heart till they tremble in hand
With the passion which draws them to-
gether!

A RHAPSODY

What wonder that eyes falter low and then
rise

In quest of the truth in those faces,
Ere they strain breast to breast, and then
shudder apart

From the sting of the sweet of embraces!
What wonder that these, who wend forth to
the streams

And the hills and the green forest covers,
Blushing maiden and youth, should move as in
dreams,

Till they kiss, and know well they are lovers!

Forget, yes, forget all the world with its
wrongs,

Young hearts in your ecstasies splendid,
And suit your warm lips to the happier songs
Which sound as all sorrow were ended!

There is labor enough on the steep of the
years;

There is time and to spare for reflection;
Taste, taste of your joy 'ere time loosen your
tears,

And know one full day of perfection!

A RHAPSODY

Here, while rich gifts of the summer have
birth,

Let sound the first strains of love's story.

Sweet dreaming world, be praised for your
worth,

And this, that completes all your glory!

PROGRESS

WIDE through the unknown world,
Where moved the primal man
In leash of all his lusts,
His life without a plan,
A voice of thunder speech
Rolled forth in majesty,
“Lo, ye shall know the truth
And the truth shall make you free!”

And the cave man faced the beasts,
And watched the moon wax old,
And snatched the lightning's fires
To tame the bitter cold,
And turned his stumbling mind
In thorny paths of thought,
And touched his fellow's hand,
And knew himself, and wrought.

PROGRESS

Up through the ancient night,
Dim with the wrath of gods,
Who bade man not to learn,
And held avenging rods,
Vast tones called round the earth
And o'er the tidal sea,
"Lo, ye shall know the truth
And the truth shall make you free!"

And superstition's chains
Fell as dissolved in mist;
For bravest reason's dawn
The gods could not resist.
And all their thrones seemed fears,
And their strong wrath but dreams,
As each dread shadowy power
Died in the morning gleams.

Out of the break of day,
Amidst the great crowned kings,
Where steel-strong cohorts stood
As if with guardian wings,
A word thrice bold rang forth
To men on bended knee,
"Lo, ye shall know the truth
And the truth shall make you free!"

PROGRESS

And the kings shook with a doubt,
And the rulers shrank with dread,
Where the might of hope stood up
To strike oppression dead;
And all their hands forbore,
And swords were sheathed in rust,
Where robes and crowns at last
Lay trodden in the dust.

Here, where the day shines fair
And lights all wisdom's deeds,
Strength, that hath done with fear,
The beckoning future heeds,
Harking the potent call
From the lips of destiny,
"Lo, ye shall know the truth
And the truth shall make you free!"

The world's worn order goes,
And the world's fresh heart beats strong,
While error scarce can stand
Amidst his fleeing throng.
And life still proudly dares,
Where, fair in fadeless youth,
With conquest in its eyes,
It marks its leader, Truth!

THE LAST DAYS OF MAMMON

I SAW a people bowed down to the earth
Before its idol, shaped in shining gold;
I heard its voice its frenzy, "Lord, behold:
Thou art indeed our God of Excellent Worth!"
Woman, with man, was there; time's latest
birth,
Strong life maturer, and the tottering old;
The whole, the maimed, the fearful and the
bold—
Ay, all the varied denizens of Earth.

Swift in the midst a presence strode to wait,
As if to him the days of time were due;
Then struck that golden god, and crushed it
straight,
And all the money changers overthrew,
Calling to wondering fear with voice of fate,
"The old is dead; I will make the new!"

MARGARETA MARTENEZ

WHERE ruthless Diaz holds his sway
By grace of power and greed of gold,
And wields the might to save or slay,
And crushes all who say him nay,
Full often is her story told.

She stood anear the high-walled mill,
Before the barred and padlocked gate,
Where men and women, cowed and still,
Dared hardly more than breathe, until
The lords within should speak their fate;

Among the starving workers, where
They saw the masters' piled-up bread.
Weeping upon their hopeless care,
Hungry among the hungry there,
She heard them beg that they be fed.

MARGARETA MARTANEZ

Those who, many months before,
Had left their places at the looms,
Dragging their feet across the floor,
Drooping and heavy through the door;
Like corpses creeping out of tombs.

The slaves, whose niggard pittance won
Through tortured hours of murderous strain,
Had scarce sufficed from risen sun
To bear them through till day was done,
And still renew their lives of pain.

And now they came with broken vows
To plead for tasks which they had spurned,
Begging the pittance greed allows
To such as have no heart to rouse,
But dumbly take what they have earned.

“Give us to eat,” the starving cried;
“Then will we work what way ye choose.
Have pity, Masters, in your pride,
And we will all our woes abide,
And please you hence, nor more refuse!

MARGARETA MARTANEZ

“Give us to eat,—a crust of bread;
Famished we are and cannot work;
And we will pay you when we’re fed,
With double tasks, to eat your bread;
With double tasks, and will not shirk!”

Thus they beseeched. But scornful ears
Were turned to catch their pleading tones.
Came back reply to sighs and tears;
Came back black words, and jests and jeers,
And looks of hate, to all their groans.

“Dogs! Would ye eat and will not pay?
And from whose bounty will ye eat?
Open your ears and hear us say:
Go, get your food along the way,
And munch the refuse of the street!

“Dogs, get your food howe’er ye will!
Did ye lack water, do ye think
That we would for your begging spill,
And stand and see ye have your fill?
Ye should die thirsting for one drink!”

MARGARETA MARTANEZ

A silence fell upon them there;
The silence of a freezing fear.
Their faces blanched with hopeless care;
Their eyes stood at a glassy stare,
Too dry with grief to drop a tear.

The fathers thought of wife and child,
And shook with inward agony;
Daughters stood distraught and wild;
And strong sons silently reviled;
While mothers groaned, and thought to die.

A silence fell.—What maid is she
Who steps out from the faltering crowd
With hand upraised and manner free,
With look of might and majesty,
Whose voice is clear and bold and loud?

“Brothers and sisters!” hear her cry,
“These would not longer that ye live,
But only laugh if ye must die.
Yea, they rejoice at groan and sigh:
Ask not for aid, such will not give.

MARGARETA MARTANEZ

"They scorn your pangs; they taunt and jeer;
They bid ye starve and find no aid.
If ye have hearts, why stand ye here?
See yonder bread, so near, so near!—
Go, take and eat; nor be afraid!

"They name ye dogs, mere curs that crawl,
Fit for the kennel or the pen;
Which do not bite, but bark and bawl!
If ye indeed be men at all,
'Tis time to prove that ye are men!

"Hark to my word, and give good heed:
Early or late we all must die;—
If ye are of the human breed,
Though it should be your last brave deed,
Strike one good blow! And so will I!"

They stared upon her. In her face
A look shone forth which strengthened all.
A shout, and in a moment's space
They swarmed defiant round the place,
And threw themselves against the wall.

MARGARETA MARTANEZ

“Beat down those bars!” the maiden cried;
And loud the blows crashed at her word.
They carried beams from every side;
And not one hand could be denied,
So by her spirit all were stirred.

’Tis Margareta, soul ablaze.
She leads them through the crumbling wall;
They loot the stores; they rend and raze.
Their fast endured for many days,
Like wolves upon the bread they fall.

Full swift the tyrant’s soldiers came,
And shot them as they triumphed there;
But through the smoke and rifle flame
From dying lips there rose the name
Of her who well had made them dare.

They bound her arms, nor shed her blood,
And bore her whence none knows till now;
But let them do whate’er they would
They could not match the humanhood
Of the high soul behind that brow.

MARGARETA MARTANEZ

It matters not if she be dead,
Or unto awful torture hurled,
And worse to be, hang o'er her head,
Since all men know the things she said,
And the words she spoke ring round the world!

THE REVELATION

THE bruised rose shall yield more sweet
Than erst it could impart;
And love shall fill, as is most meet,
A bruised heart.

Through its own woe the heart shall learn
The sorrows of the earth;—
Thenceforth its life with love shall burn:
It knows the worth.

LABOR'S ANSWER

“**P**EACE, peace,” when there is no peace ;
 When Mammon sits enthroned,
And he who tells of a world for all
 Is driven forth and stoned.
For there's little of calm or friendship's balm,
 Or joy of a kindly deed,
Where man is sold for a price of gold
 And bound in the chains of greed !

“Peace, peace,” when there is no peace ;
 When the battle for work means life,
And men must tear at each other's throats
 By the law of the club and knife.
For they gather slight yield of the forge and
 field,
Or spoil of the mine and mill,
And the pittance of each but helps to teach
 The fear of his brother still !

LABOR'S ANSWER

"Peace, peace," when there is no peace;
When the millions shout, "How long?"
And the armies rise at the masters' will
To keep their kingdom strong.
For the rifles flash, and the Maxims crash,
And the gleaming swords descend;
And woe they bear to the hearts that dare
Their birthrights to defend!

"Peace, peace," when there is no peace;
When the peoples drink salt tears,
And feed on their hearts, that throb with woe
And break with the cruel years.
For the children cry, and their mothers die,
And the fathers droop with care,
And curse each day in a dumb dismay
Till the night comes with despair!

"Peace, peace," when there is no peace;
When the whole world reeks with war.
By the soul of man that awakes at last,
What peace do you clamor for!
Comes a noble fight; 'tis a fight for right:
We are ready to our last breath!
There shall be no peace till our wrongs may
cease,
Though we battle to the death!

HOPE AND EFFORT

HOPE is of the valley ; effort stands
Upon the mountain-top, facing the sun.
Hope dreams of dreams made true, and great
deeds done ;
Effort goes forth with toiling feet and hands
To attain the far off sky-touched table lands
Of great desire ; and till the end is won
Looks not below, where the long strife, begun
In pleasant fields, met torrents, rocks, and sands.

Hope ; but when hope bids look within her glass,
And shows the wondrous things which may befall,
Wait not for destiny, wait not at all,
Nor sink in hesitation's deep morass :
Sound thou to all thy powers a trumpet call,
And staff in hand strive up the mountain pass.

THE MADNESS OF GOLD

GOLD! Gold! Gold!

To touch it, to behold;
To hear it rung and to see it rolled;
To count, to pile, to clasp, to grasp, to hold
Gold;
Manifold gold!

Gold!

New, or centuries old;
Poured out from every mine's dark fold,
Or doled,
Gold-piece-by-piece-of-gold,
From hands unable to withhold
Their hoards of gold!

Let earth not be told
Of her hidden glittering gold;
But far beneath her stubborn outer mold,
'Neath toughest rock, let toil be long and bold
To make her heart unfold its plenteous gold.
Then let it melt, and mold,
Ingot by ingot, and bright bar by bar of gold,
And then be coined, and spread and shoaled,
To lie and shine, nor ever more be sold!

THE MADNESS OF GOLD

Gold!

Let men give gold,

Pure gold;

Nor hold it in their hungry hold.

Let them be timid-souled,

While law, and lash, and prison bars uphold

The power to make them bend, controlled,

Acknowledging the might of Monarch Gold!

Let all be bought and sold:—

And mind and heart be both enrolled,

Though blood run streams and death be stark

and cold—

To gain all golden gold!

Gold!

Perfect gold!

Be it in psalm and worship wide extolled.

Let it have priests, all golden robed and stoled;

Vicars of The Church Of Gold.

Let its might be told

To the wondering young and to the praying old.

Gold! Gold! Gold!

Let it be throned and aureoled

Neath some great dome in rock-bound jeweled

hold,

THE MADNESS OF GOLD

Till time's last knell is knolled,
While o'er the thrice-barred gates its fame is
 scrolled——
“Behold!
With power and majesty for aye untold,
Earth's One God—Gold!”

THE END OF WOOD CUTTING

RED leaf and yellow leaf
Are flaunting through the air;
The paths are rustling underfoot,
The sun is everywhere.
Bright creepers clasp the rugged wood
Of many a hardy tree;
The squirrel stores his winter nuts
And chatters in his glee.
The ripened year is done at last;
The fuel is at home.
One song for joyous seasons past
And happy days to come,
My friends,
And happy days to come!

Come build a fire upon the ground,
And let the wine flow free;
Make smooth a place where we may sit
And raise our revelry.
The sun will hasten to the west,
But we have naught to care:

THE END OF WOOD CUTTING

With meat and drink we need no more,
Save that the night be fair.
Beach wood and chestnut wood;
Make a cheerful blaze.
Forget the bad and praise the good.
Here's joy and many days,
My friends,
Here's joy and many days!

A VISION

IN DREAMS I saw the world's old sorrow
fade,

A cloud of error lifted from man's soul:
The golden idol crashed in dust; the whole
Of pride and envy, hate and fear obeyed
A world-wide will and vanished. Unafraid,
Man clasped his brother, in the sweet control
Of Love, who, leading from the gates of dole,
Had given him new sight and perfect aid.

I saw great hosts marshalled on many a plain,
Their banners marked with "Love hath victory!"

Sweet anthems pierced the skies in glorious
strain

And echoed on and on most rapturously.
The wonder woke me. With the vision's wane
A voice spake to my ear, "This yet shall be."

LOVE AND HATE

LOVE met with Hate within the porch of
time,
As both went forth to traverse every clime.

They parted at the parting of the ways;
Love bade farewell, nor knew Hate's baleful
gaze.

And Love was glad of sunlight and moonlight,
But Hate loved only darkness in the night.

Love stood entranced while sang th' enraptured birds;
Hate stopped his ears, and murmured bitter
words.

Love worshipped where the flowers were fair
to see;
Hate turned away and sought some misery.

Love laughed when rain fell on the fair, green
earth,
But Hate within his heart wished for a dearth.

LOVE AND HATE

Love lingered where the fields would yield increase;

Hate hoped for blight, that harvest joys might cease.

Love came at last and saw himself in men,
And made no sound, for joy; nor wandered then;

Hate later came; and looking, mad with rage,
Made himself known, and would in war engage;

Love gazed upon him, and he fled away,
As flees the night before the face of day;

And lived in ambush; making bitterness,
Envy and scorn, and woe, and all distress.

But Love, because of his pure soul, was glad
In all the myriad blessings that time had;

And so drew in new life with every breath;
But Hate drank his own poison till his death.

THE MEETING OF THE WINDS

THE Northwind met with the Southwind
On the wide ways of the sky,
And the air turned frost as the clouds were
tossed
To in confusion lie;
For the Northwind raged at the Southwind
To buffet her where she flew,
But the Southwind smiled like one beguiled
As her flower-sweet breath she blew.

The Northwind turned to the Southwind,
And saw her that she was fair;
With laugh of delight, with eyes of night,
And back-blown, sun-bronzed hair.
And the Southwind knew him, the Northwind,
And saw him that he was strong;
With face to command, and a mighty hand
To whip his gusts along.

THE MEETING OF THE WINDS

The Southwind sang to the Northwind,
 "I am warmer than love, or fire,
And I know thy goal is the Southern Pole,
 But thou art my heart's desire";
And the Northwind answered the Southwind,
 "Wanderer, wait with me then:
Thy singing is sweet; 'tis well that we meet:
 Make me thy music again."

The Southwind kissed to the Northwind,
 And the Northwind clasped her hands;
While the wrath was hushed of the gales that
 rushed
 Full wild o'er the seas and lands.
And there, twixt the earth and heavens,
 At twilight or at morn,
Midst waftings from flowers in far-off bowers,
 The delicate Spring was born.

TWO POWERS

THE power of wrong
Is iron strong;
Is the power of right, then, weak?
The power of right
Is a greater might
Than thou can'st think or speak.

Each claims the world.
Right's word is hurled
That it bears fear of none;
But wrong foregoes
War, till it knows
Some foul advantage won.

Where'er they clash,
And great blows crash,
Wrong, fearful, counts each friend;
Let friends be few,
Let none be true,
Right battles till the end!

TWO POWERS

They struggle still
Through well and ill;
Wrong tricks its every blow.
With brave sword hand
Right still would stand
In fair fight with its foe.

Through time's full length
Wrong guards its strength
As if it feared its fate;
Right risks its all,
To stand or fall,
With patience which can wait.

Once wounded sore,
Wrong strives no more,
But trembling with its smart,
Flees from disdain,
To staunch its pain,
And hide its coward heart.

On every field
Where it must yield,
Right fears no mortal thrust,
But rises there
Still strong to dare,
Though struck down to the dust!

TWO POWERS

Wrong's falsest power
Fails hour by hour,
And ever stands at bay ;
But the heart of right
It thirsts for fight,
Grown stronger every day.

Till one by one
Lies flee the sun,
And the war-worn years are sped,
And the last bold deed
Is right's good meed,
And wrong sinks, stricken dead.

The power of wrong
Is strong, thrice strong,
And the fearful cringe and cry ;
But a blow shall fall
To end it all,
Ere the years of man go by !

THE DEAD FINANCIER

LIAR by half truths which thou hast said,
Trickster by hid snares that thou hast
 spun,
Thief by treasures vast which thou hast won,
Hypocrite by the mouths that thou hast fed,
Tyrant by the cause which thou hast led,
Murderer by the wars thou hast begun,
Monster by all deeds which thou hast done,
Thou later Nero, thou art foiled and dead!

Now may the horde of gold men stare, and see
The due reward that falls to monstrous lust:
While still the peoples struggle to be free,
Though hired swords in streams of blood should
 rust,
Contempt at last shall come to all like thee,
Whom death hath choked and flung into the dust!

A JUDGMENT

“HE lives before his day!” the carpers cry:
“The man would outstrip even time and
fate!”

Who waits for warring years to pass him by,
And lets right stand or fall, has lived too late!”

THE CHILDREN OF THE LOOMS

OH, what are these that plod the road
At dawn's first hour and evening's chime,
Each back bent as beneath a load ;
Each sallow face afoul with grime ?
Nay, what are these whose little feet
Scarce bear them on to toil or bed !
Do hearts within their bosoms beat ?
Surely, 'twere better they were dead.

Babes are they, doomed to cruel dooms,
Who labor all the livelong day ;
Who stand beside the roaring looms
Nor ever turn their eyes away ;
Like parts of those machines of steel :
Like wheels that whirl, like shuttles thrown ;
Without the power to dream or feel ;
With all of childishness unknown.

THE CHILDREN OF THE LOOMS

Brothers and sisters of the flowers,
Fit playmates of the bird and bee,
For you grow soft the springtime hours;
For you the shade lies 'neath the tree.
For you life smiles the whole day long;
For you she breathes each breath in bliss,
And turns all sound into a song;
And you, and you are come to this!

Is't not enough that man should toil
To fill the hands that clutch for gold?
Is't not enough that women moil,
And in life's summer time grow old?
Is't not enough that death should pale
To see men welcome him as rest;
But must the children drudge and fail,
And perish on the mother's breast?

See, lovers, wed at tender eve;
See, mothers, with your new-born young;
See, fathers—if ye can, believe;
From infant blood, lo, wealth is wrung!
See homes; see towns; see cities; states;
Earth, show it to the skies above!
Lovers who pass through rapture's gates,
Are these, are these your fruits of love?

THE CHILDREN OF THE LOOMS

O man, who boast your lands subdued,
Your conquered air, your oceans tamed,
Who mold all nature to your mood,
Look on these babes and be ashamed!
Dull looks from out each weary face,
Cold words upon each little tongue,—
Dead lives that know not childhood's grace,
Grown old before they can be young.

Hear, world of Mammon, brutal, bold,
Gorging with life the maw of greed,
Measuring everything by gold:
The good deed with the evil deed—
The pangs of suffering childhood's care,
Now coined in coins to fill a purse,
These things shall haunt you everywhere,
And rest upon you for a curse!

SLOW, SLOW

SLOW, slow, the long hours go;
 Slow comes the day;
But hard, hard, the strength must strain
 That drives the night away.
Slow, slow, the rivers flow;
 Slow swells the tree;
But strong, strong, with pressing urge,
 Their force strives on to be.

Slow, slow, the great airs blow;
 Slow comes the wind;
But long, long, the powers must toil
 Which follow close behind.
Slow, slow, and to and fro,
 Move all the oceans wide,
But vast, vast, must be the stress
 That dwells within the tide.

SLOW, SLOW

Slow, slow, doth wisdom grow;
 Slow comes the right;
But staunch, staunch, must effort stand
 To move things with its might.
Slow, slow, our life we know:
 Slow comes brotherhood;
But brave, brave be human hearts
 To win the world for good.

THE NEWER HEMLOCK

MEN do not now, as once to Socrates,
Proffer the hemlock's draught, the grave's
cold bed,
To such as shame the time, whose lips have
said
The hard, cold truths that shake the world's
dull ease;
Nay, they know craftier means to silence these;
—For truth will live though truth's friend's
are struck dead;
And weaken not, but wax in strength, in-
stead—
Another drink they give, with other lees.
Some strong man wars with power; they offer
place;
Or spurns the lusts of wealth; they pour him
gold.
These teach him to avert, or steel his face,
Amidst the marts where all is bought and sold,
Until, inured to baseness, he grows base,
And scorns what he had died for, glad, of old!

THE GUILLOTINE

1793

MORNING breaks there in the east;
The stars pale in the sky.
And we shall see a marriage feast
Before the sun comes nigh.
The guests e'en now are on their way;
Those voices which I hear
Are joyous all. Make holiday,
My friends, I lend an ear!

Yes, time has come when I must wed;
The barber told last night
Of how the service would be said
'Twixt dawn and candle light.
The priest will all his vestments wear;
And I, with hands behind,
Shall bow and kiss the maiden there
Who's wholly to my mind.

THE GUILLOTINE

They gather round the altar now
Outside the barrèd gates.
Great store of choicest gifts they show
For him who harks and waits.
Yes, sing! This is my marriage morn,
And song should usher in
That day, a bridegroom, cleanly shorn,
His willing bride shall win.

Scarce thirty years of life are mine,
But I am amply wise;
I know the water from the wine,
And the spirit from the eyes.
And I am glad the hour is here
When I must know the rest—
With naught to learn there's naught to fear:
The end be happiest!

Scarce thirty years, and I have learned
Man's strange, unstable heart;
Whom once he loved full oft is spurned
From all the world apart.
Whom once man loved, at last may gain
As payment for his strife,
Bars and thick walls to hide his pain,
Or kiss of keenest knife.

THE GUILLOTINE

How fair my Love is, tall and fair;
And calm in every hour!
She's standing like a lily where,
Within her secret bower,
She's made all ready for my kiss
By faithful hands and kind.
In truth, the thought of it is bliss;
A rapture of the mind!

Good Jailor, help me here to dress.
My coat is streaked with mud;
This knitted kerchief, I confess,
Was dipped in royal blood!
Give now my cap of liberty;
At last my garb is well.
'Tis in your hand, the second key;
Unlock, unlock my cell!

My bride has left her tiring place;
Hark, how the people shout!
The swaying crowd would see her face;
It is a joyous rout.
Again now, "Vive la Guillotine!"
How sweetly sounds her name.
Who weds with her is proud, I ween;
He weds a noble dame!

THE GUILLOTINE

Do I regret when death is nigh
The service which I brought?
Now, that the hour has come to die,
Was all too dearly bought?
Mankind, my brothers, I forgive;
And time shall pardon me.
A wiser race sometime shall live,
When the peoples can be free.

She comes down from the cart at last,
With him who does the deed.
The time is nigh, the past is past;
Well may all measures speed!
She takes her place where men can look
And greet us when 'tis done,
And say, "How well his kiss she took;
None fairer 'neath the sun!"

My bride awaits me! Hist! A sound
Far down the corridor!
That heavy tread upon the ground;
Ten guards have I, or more!
You honor, me, good fellows all;
Five on each side, quite dumb.
The bell rings on the prison wall—
I come, Sweet Love, I come!

FAILURE

WHO, then, hath failed? That one who tries
To reach life far above his eyes;
Who longs to do the worthiest things,
And 'gainst all difficulties flings
The power and strength that make a man;
That one who would complete what faith began,
But, climbing on, o'ercoming all,
Bursts his strong heart, and reels, to fall
Before some last vast summit still unscaled?
He hath not failed!

There is a triumph in defeat;
And noble sorrow's tears are sweet.
The high heart raptures, though it break
In stress of agony's fierce ache.
Yes, when all strength, all will is spent
In strife where truth and honor both are blent,
The sense of worth, the thought that all
Was risked for good, to stand or fall—
These things turn blackest ruin that may be,
To victory!

FAILURE

Who, then, hath failed? 'Tis he whose deeds
Scorn truth and right; who hears nor heeds
Our fear, our faith, or wrath, or love.
Whose iron ambition strives above
All measures of all good and ill;
A frenzied ego with a poisoned will;
Who gains his joy, his life, his light
In triumphs of a monstrous might!
Though 'neath a world-wide power his shame be
 veiled,
 He, he, hath failed!

THE DEATH OF A TOILER

IT was the morning that she died. For weeks,
in sorrow,
We watched beside her broken life, fearing each
morrow.

The white plague's brand had struck the mark,
and on her features
Had set the seal that harshly pales the fairest
creatures.

And now we knew that she must go; her breast's
faint moving
Told us she was beyond all help, all save our
loving.

A smile was on her open lips, and she was sleep-
ing;
Our hearts with vain regrets were torn, and we
were weeping;

THE DEATH OF A TOILER

But as we raised our eyes and saw her face ex-
pressing
The calm of coming death, we rose, our tears
repressing,

And learned how death could come most like a
friend, relieving ;
Not as in horrid guise, relentless and bereaving.

She woke, and turned to us an eye so lit with
gladness
That we forgot that grief could be, or even sad-
ness ;

And listened, as in broken speech she told how
sweetly
The touch of peace lay on her life, resigned com-
pletely.

“The work, the wearying work, is done, at last is
ended :
There are no new things to be made nor old
ones mended ;

THE DEATH OF A TOILER

"The rush, the crowd, the heat, the roar of
wheels is over,
And I can feel above my head the blowing clover.

"How sweet to fold my worn-out hands and lie
in quiet,
Far from the factory's stunning whirl and strain-
ing riot.

"For ah, I'm lying in Death's arms, and while
I'm lying
I hear him whisper: 'You shall rest; for this is
dying.'

"Dear rest, dear surcease; only calm, and that
forever,
I long for now, a dreamless sleep that endeth
never.

"All pain is gone; and now it seems, while life
is ceasing,
That what is best is mine at last, with death in-
creasing."

THE DEATH OF A TOILER

And soon she could not longer speak ; but lay,
still smiling ;
Our hearts and thoughts from what had been,
and was, beguiling ;

Still smiling, and with eyes fixed on us still, ap-
pealing
For soft compassion on the longing she was
feeling ;

Until, with one soft sigh and one last smile, she
parted
From us, who but an hour before were broken-
hearted.

We closed her eyes, and did not weep, for she
had taken
A sweet nepenthe for her pain, and would not
waken.

NO BONDAGE FOR ME

CHAINS are not other than chains,
 Though fashioned of gold, I cry;
Nor is liberty less than a boon,
 Though I have but a cup and a crust.
Better a bed in the fields,
 And a man's heart, at dawn in the sky,
Than a luxury great as a king's,
 Where a voice ever utters "Thou must!"

MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT

IN chains the heart of beauteous woman lay,
Subdued to man, and robbed of half its
power;
Love, that should spring up sweetly like a
flower,
Aborted lived, midst blasting and decay.
Whose life broke free, she perished in dismay;
Who spoke of freedom soon must sadly cower,
Seeing the brow of her taskmaster lour,
His hand upraised to smite her or to slay.

Among those lives abject, one, brave, arose
And cried, "Behold! this shall not always be:
Woman, arise; only the bold are free!"
Nor insults, heavier bonds, nor bitter blows
Availed to still her, where, midst daunted foes,
She stood with voice that called futurity.

SACRAMENT

IN the early August hours,
Where the poor and humble pine,
Tenderly she touched the leaves
On a morning-glory vine.
Soft she wet the thirsty blooms
That struggled with the parching heat,
And o'er the crumbling window ledge
Bent and kissed them for their sweet.

Nigh on noon, where mills clashed loud,
Slowly draining human veins,
Broodingly she dried the tears
Of childhood wound in labor's chains.
She stroked the lean, sob-shaken hands,
Laved and cooled the little cheek,
And mother-like, with pillowed breast,
Gave her heart to help the weak.

SACRAMENT

With the ending of that day,
Home from all the toiling throng,
Near to night's brief hours of rest,
Low she sang a comrade song.
Sang its glad words o'er and o'er,
Musing midst her cares and fears,
And while her voice ebbed to a sigh,
Consecrated faith with tears.

All the joy she had of flowers,
All her childward watchfulness,
All her trust in times to come,
Seemed to merge, a power to bless.
Such, who thrill to all fair things,
Such, whose arms as shelters be,
Such, whose faith outlives hard fate,
Such will help us to be free.

MUSIC

MUSIC, the language of the soul,
Which words can never teach:
A miracle of sound, that gives
The unutterable to speech.

ARDORS

THE sea's voice as it challenges the shore—
The shore's voice as it echoes back the sea—
A cry sent up where awful power must be,
And then a long, reverberate, answering roar.
Attack upon resistance o'er and o'er:
These titans aye contend for mastery;
And, as I hark, I think for you and me,
My comrades, strife until our heads are hoar.

But, though powers front us like the waves,
nor rest
Nor hush themselves a moment, like the land
That fails not though it conquers not, we stand,
Fearless, and scorning e'en the mightiest;
Waving, where men can see, a token hand
That shows the heart still stanch within its
breast.

THE THIEF OF TIME

WHO has not had his noble dreams
Of strong and fair endeavor?
Who has not cherished gracious schemes
And planned high triumphs ever?

Who has not oft in youth, and still
Through manhood's ample stages,
Felt all his untried heart and will
Aroused by noble rages?

Some great ideal shakes the hand,
And lights the soul with beauty,
Bidding us take a lofty stand,
And make its care our duty.

But there's a voice, a tongue of fate,
Which halts us in our striving,
And warns "Beware! A task too great:
Your purpose is not thriving."

THE THIEF OF TIME

Or sounds, prolific in excuse,
Still pleading for postponement;
And justifies each day's abuse
By promising atonement.

When we would face our tasks, it tells,
"Your time will come tomorrow."
And when we doubt our strength, it knells,
"Man cannot work in sorrow."

Condemning all the means that are,
For those in distance nearing ,
It holds us from attainment far,
While power is disappearing.

And so youth flies and manhood flies,
And worth has shown no token,
Till life in retrospection lies,
And we are grey and broken.

ON AN INFANT BURIED IN WINTER

THE flowers which in their buds must die,
They droop ere blossom time goes by.
The tender turf, it spreads their biers;
The rainbow clouds drop gentle tears;
While with soft sorrows of the spring
The younger winds their dirges sing.
At end they find a covering pall
Neath rose leaves, that upon them fall.

This life which in the bud lies dead,
This smiling babe whose breath has sped,
Why must it to earth's bosom go,
Midst freezing winds and driving snow?
Its life's soft springtime but begun
Neath brightest beams of love's warm sun,
It should have ended its brief hours
In halcyon days of opening flowers.

MAN'S FRIEND

WHO dares to leave the life of private
ends,
And on himself the world's great burden
take,
Who tramples selfishness, and turns to make
All men his friends,

In the large service of the common weal,
Virtues he needs of high and noble name;—
He should possess such scorn of praise and
fame
As martyrs feel;

He should have faith too great for doubt to harm,
Patience all untouched through passing years,
And wisdom that makes jest of doubts and
fears,
Unmoved and calm.

MAN'S FRIEND

If he have these, and love, no fate can come
To make his work as though it had not been;
It serveth much, though Death should step between
And strike him dumb;

Or he be fall'n, and none know where he fell,
Crushed by the power that he would fain have
served.
E'en out of silence he speaks who hath not
swerved;
His work is well!

TO A ROBIN

MELODIOUS bird upon the bough,
Tell me the secret of thy glee;
With tears at heart and clouded brow,
I linger, listening to thee.
I pause, bewildered at thy soul,
Which pours itself in strains so high
Upon this world of doom and dole;
Where sorrows live and raptures die.

Thy pleasures, too, are mixed with pain;
I have my griefs, and thou hast thine.
Thou sufferest from the wind and rain;
In famine thou full oft dost pine.
Thy nested young, perhaps, are dead,
Or thy blue eggs were stolen away;
But still thou liftest up thine head
To carol to each dawning day.

TO A ROBIN

Hast thou a strength that I must miss :
Or inner light which knows no dark ?
Dost thou command some purer bliss
Which naught adverse has might to mark,
That thou art aye, as now, serene,
Despite whatever fates may fall ?
Hast thou some good in all things seen,
And sweetly singest each and all ?

Or art thou of the vagrant glad,
Who rarely feel the touch of fear ;
Too blithe within to e'er be sad,
Or hold a vanished joy too dear ?
Say, dost thou quick forget thy woe,
And lightly lilt o'er thought's emprise ?
Seems it true wisdom not to know,
And fatuous folly to be wise ?

Thou answerest not, but still dost sing
As though thy heart would burst with joy.
Whate'er thou art, glad, winged thing,
Grief cannot hurt thee or destroy.
I harkening stand, and sobs repress,
Where hope is brief and life is long,
To wonder o'er thy lightsomeness
And envy thee that happier song !

LOOKING ON THE SIERRAS

ETERNAL winter lives on that far height ;
Immortal summer fills this vale below ;
But those vast peaks of pure, unstained snow
Look down where lush flowers bloom and birds
delight,
And rich fruits ripen sweet through summer's
might,
Their solemn presence harmonizing so,
With these in gracious contrast.

Gaze ; and know
That man is ever noblest in man's sight
When, midst those acts familiar, fair, and good,
The flowers of fellowship shown day by day,
He still maintains his strength, his hardihood
Of life, and keeps his individual way
Austerely ; through the grandeur of his blood
Scorning to basely rule, or to obey.

THE GIRL OF THE ROSE.

LIKE a rose you are with that rose in your
hand;

With that rich red rose in your hair.
And that rose of love in your heart, dear
Heart—

Speak; may I gather it there?

Wet let it be with the dew of love's tears;
Holding no worm of guile;
And, giving it odor sweet, my Sweet,
Make it mine with a smile!

HYMN OF LABOR

THE world was made with labor :
Strong fusing air and fire
Strove before the years had birth,
With awful deed and dire,
And wrought from primal chaos
Amidst the ancient night,
The seas and shores which are the earth,
And shapes of morning light.

Yea, bound in frenzied orbits,
The solar substance sped
With travail of the moons and stars,
And planets live and dead ;
And wombed and birthed in anguish,
As heirs of all its toil,
Earth's vale and hill and ribs of rock,
And the rivers in her soil

HYMN OF LABOR

Life was formed by labor :

From out the bubbling ooze,
By cosmic ferment molded well,
And tropic suns and dews,
With stress of chemic struggle
Were built with warding care
The potent powers of earth and sea,
And the wings of all the air.

Yea, through the mystic process
Of crystallizing form,
To green growths sprung across the land,
And bloods of cold and warm,
The vital stream of being
In flooding effort swirled,
And beast and bird and swimming fish
Made animate the world.

Man was wrought by labor :

Fierce things of growth and might,
Where warring species held their sway,
Keen-eared and clear of sight,
Toiled in craft and cunning
And strength of ripening brain,
Till rose the form that grasped the world
And made it his domain.

HYMN OF LABOR

Yea, with red feud and ravage
Of saber tooth and claw,
With banding of the pack for might
And filled or starving maw ;
From floundering saurian's welter,
Through grin and screech of ape,
Struggled the deathless seed of life
Up to a human shape.

And man hath made with labor :
From his wild primal hour,
Potent in transforming deeds,
He hath wed will to power ;
Through war and peace untiring,
To industry and art,
Spending the might of all his thought
And the hope of all his heart.

Yea, tried in stress of effort
And passions wise and vain,
His zeal hath gathered wisdom's seed
From fruits of joy and pain.
His millioned cities echo ;
His ships have pathed the sea ;
And with bent brows he toils to make
The world that yet will be.

TO THE MASTERS

YOU drive your beasts of burden forth to
drink?

You herd your oxen, each one to his stall?

You whip and goad until they heed your call?

You own, and use? Are these your cattle?

Think!

Although the while they cringe to you and
shrink,

And watch their fate in your least finger-fall,

Mistake not, lest they rise and ravage all,

And your vast piled-up power to chaos sink!

The earthquake gives slight time to ward its
shock;

But racks the earth, nor warns of where or
when;

The hurricane, that makes the city rock,

Speaks not with previous voice unto your ken;

Vesuvius and Ætna horror mock,

And tidal waves. Think: these you crush are

Men!

THE ROISTERING KNIGHTS

WE'VE won the castle, Knights at Arms;
They who were here have fled;
And Fate, that keepeth us from harms,
Hath made it ours instead.
But hie not to tell Court and King,
Who dream our battle's clang;
Let us rejoice and feast and sing,
And King and Court may hang;
May hang;
And King and Court may hang!

Now bring wine flagons to the board,
And serve good meat around.
Each weary knight unbelt his sword
And cast it on the ground.
You, young Esquire, roar out a song;
And let the sweet lute twang;
We'll rest ourselves, or right or wrong;
And King and Court may hang;
May hang;
And King and Court may hang!

THE ROISTERING KNIGHTS

Much have we done for Court and King;
What give they in return?
Our lives these deem a little thing
While they new pleasures learn.
Oft did they dance and sing and quaff
When far our battle rang;
Let us win pleasure now, and laugh;
And King and Court may hang;
May hang;
And King and Court may hang!

I think betimes we are but slaves;
And how is it with you?
I feel anon that we are knaves
Another's will to do.
I doubt we need a King, or Court;—
Ah, sharp is memory's fang!
Our sorrows die while we're at sport;
And King and Court may hang;
May hang;
And King and Court may hang!

THE ROISTERING KNIGHTS

Who always would his armor wear?
Who always hold a lance?
This day a truce to fight we swear;
Our foes are far as France.
Up with the cup, my Comrades all!
Each heart forget its pang.
We'll pledge to joy whate'er befall,
And King and Court may hang;
May hang;
And King and Court may hang!

OCEAN AFTER THE STORM

BLUE where clouds are shadowing her,
And green where the sunlight plays,
She lolls, to whom the tides defer,
And whom the storm obeys.

Her bosom heaves with slightest round,
Half at default to breathe,
Above her heart, where, held in bound,
Hushed undercurrents seethe.

She toys and teases with her spoil
With lapsing and lazy hands:
She scarce puts forth her strength to toil
Up to the slumberous sands.

Her voice is pulsing, lanagerous, low;
Its sound is a gentle balm,
As soft she sings through ebb and flow
A lulling rune of calm.

OCEAN AFTER THE STORM

The breeze, the clouds, the guarding shore,
These feel neither fright nor care;
The bland skies spread their azure o'er;
Noon smiles untroubled there.

Nay, she doth dim remember now
That broken and beaten form—
That ship, rock-riven, stern and bow,
Blown lurching through the storm.

Nay, she doth not recall the tears,
Nor hands clasped to the skies,
The strong men's rage, the frantic fears,
The hopeless drowning cries.—

Full gorged on wreck and tempest blight,
And satiate with her sway,
She rests, to muse upon her might,
And drowse and sleep a day.

THE VOICELESS LYRE

WHO hath seen, where roses bloom,
Beauty sent to sudden doom
By the storm, with thunder knell,
Which from the blue sky strangely fell—
Who knows what ruin there may be,
Let him hearken now to me.

Poets, born full in the smile
Of Nature, may not know the while,
The wind of scorn, the flood of blame,
Contempt, neglect, unearnèd shame,
That fall like storm upon the flower,
To blast them in greed's iron hour.

Thou, who, when the gladdening song
Sounds no more, awaitest long
That rapture and that melody,
Deeming not that they could die—
Wait no more, nor count the hours;
Think of storms and ruined flowers.

TO FAUSTA

IF thou would'st find and hold the best
Of all that life can give,
Would'st still the questions in thy breast—
If thou would'st truly live,
Go, search the world for pleasure. Up!
Range wide, o'er land and seas,
Till life shall pall, a splendid cup
Drunk to the bitter lees.

Then, then return; and haply there,
Where first thy quest began,
Thy soul's own voice shall reach thine ear;
"Behold, thou art a man!
Go forth for weal of human life:
Toil with the toiling throng!
Thou only liv'st in noble strife;
But there, art glad and strong!"

ROSE AND LILY

ROSE and Lily, little maids,
Wisely were they named.
He surely had a prophet's aids,
And should as one be famed,
Who saw them in their mother's arms
Ere they had strength to creep,
And conjuring with spells and charms,
Found them names to keep.

Coming, going, night or morn,
Resting, or at play,
Still as made for them are worn
Their names, for all must say,
Rose is like the blushing rose—
Red cheeks, dark eyes and hair;
While Lily like the lily grows,
Tall and very fair.

INVOCATION

NIGHT bird in thy bower,
Sing, sing me a song.
Give joy for an hour,
For sorrow is long;
As long as the life that we live here, and only
dark death is more strong.

Sing softly and low;
Like the voice of a stream,
Or the music we know
In the depths of a dream:
The sweetest of all things unreal, the rarest of
raptures that seem.

Sing memoried peace;
Chant love's tender might.
Sing, sing, and not cease
Till thou thrillest the night,
And all the soft airs move atremble, responsive
to purest delight!

INVOCATION

And my life shall be stilled
As a babe on the breast,
While desire is fulfilled
By visions most blest,
And ecstasies nameless but glowing, which
haunt where the heart knoweth best.

I ask not for thought;
I plead not to know;
For my being is wrought
With the truth that brings woe:
By all of the wisdom which helps not, save by
teaching hope how to forego.

Nay, joy may not live
If thought lingers near.
Thy music now give,
Kind bird, to mine ear;
And ever its cadence shall soothe me from
thought and its pangs while I hear.

INVOCATION

The dew bathes the grass,
And the wind cools the tree;
Hast thou nothing, alas,
Hast thou nothing for me?
I, who wait for thy cadence at twilight, and
offer my spirit to thee?

The moon comes not yet,
But the stars are white fire,
And fitly are met
With the soul of desire.
'Tis the time for thy song, oh, my poet, who
touchest a heavenly lyre.

Ah, gladness! Remain!
Ah, melody mine!
Again, yet again,
Thou singer divine:
My soul is as though thou had'st made it; the
glad tears I weep now are thine!

A WARNING

UNCROWN while ye may, ye Rulers and
Kings;

Hide your heads from the wrath to be:
Time hath in store for ye bitter things!

Hear ye the echo of pain as it rings?

'Tis the voice of those who will yet be free.
Uncrown while ye may, ye Rulers and Kings.

Men endure your laughter, your taunts and
stings;

But be not loud in your jubilee:
Time hath in store for ye bitter things!

For Wrath cometh near; and the wind of her
wings

Is heard in the air as the sound of the sea!
Uncrown while ye may, ye Rulers and Kings.

A WARNING

“Surely,” ye whisper, “Man but clings
To his customs, and sleeps.” So it is with ye.
Time hath in store for ye bitter things!

When man his servitude from him flings
And bursts his bonds, will ye think to flee?
Uncrown while ye may, ye Rulers and Kings;
Time hath in store for ye bitter things!

IN A CITY GRAVEYARD

THE yellow grass is short and thin;
 Grey-brown the ivies coil;
The fume-choked trees yield little green
 To the gardener's hopeless toil;
And there are no flowers, for they could not
 bloom
 Upon the sickly soil.

'Tis a tiny square between two streets
 Where a human river falls,
And the city's turbid current beats
 As in strife against its walls;
Where the dead are crowded in their tombs,
 And know not what befalls.

The pall of fog and sulphurous smoke
 It droops down through the air
Like a cloud of grief on a worn out heart,
 Too stunned to feel or care.
It droops and drifts till it hides the sun,
 That strives to dispel it there.

IN A CITY GRAVEYARD

The birds they live where skies are blue,
For they cannot carol here.
They never come, when the spring is new,
Their nests of young to rear;
And you cannot hark to their happiness
When the dawn of day is near.

The city shoulders the little plot
And hems it in its place;
The roar of traffic fills the spot
And would not give it grace;
And greed casts short and envious looks,
As measuring its space.

And all is damp and dark and cold,
And the stones lean left and right.
The graveled walks are green with mould
And gruesome to the sight.
But the rails that crust with crinkled rust,
They shut the dead in tight.

They shut the dead in where there comes
No gush of clover meth.
They shut the dead in from the sky
And from the summer's breath.
They shut the dead in by themselves,
To die a double death.

IN A CITY GRAVEYARD

They die twice o'er who, covered here,
In noxious being lie;
Where dust may scarce return to dust
While all the years go by.
Yes, those who hide them in their holes
Condemn the dead to die.

For those who lie where winds are fresh,
And where the heavens are blue,
They live again in flowers, or trees,
Or meadows sweet with dew.
Yes, nature takes them to herself
And forms their lives anew.

The rivers run, the green hills rise,
The harvests ripen there;
The goodly rain falls from the skies:
All things are free from care;
And worn things die and new things live,
And growth is everywhere.

But those who lie where city streets
Halt and close them round,
They lie like stones that do not change
But cumber all the ground.
They lie and shrivel in their shrouds,
By alien fetters bound.

IN A CITY GRAVEYARD

They lie, dry clay in earth as dry,
Refused by hardened men
A home in the earth which gave them birth
And would welcome them back again:
With brick and iron and stone hemmed round
As in some prison pen.

It is a dreadful life to live
In the cruel city's hold;
For hope and faith soon falter there
And love itself grows cold;
And simple trust is turned to lust
As it hears the lie of gold.

It is a dreadful place to live
Where men no kindness learn,
But only breathe for the thought of gain,
Each taking the gambler's turn;
And wildly win, and madly lose,
Till their hearts to ashes burn.

It is a fearful place to live
Where men go thronging by
With nerveless haste in every step
And hunger in each eye;
It is a sorry place to live,
—But what a place to die!

IN A CITY GRAVEYARD

To die amidst the roar and rush,
Where God Gold grinds the street,
And know no resting and no hush
Nor sunset shadows sweet,
But only sighs and raucous cries
Where waves of commerce beat.

To die, and lie in this cursed ground,
Where nothing fair is met;
Where never sounds a pleasant sound,
Nor flower of life is set;
To die with but one good last thought—
That to die is to forget.

Come greed, come Mammon; it is yours:
Stretch close your measures o'er,
And pile the walls which guard your gold
Thrice higher than before.
Nay, let this mock of life and death
Be seen not any more!

Build till your streets are dim in shade;
Heap wealth until it rust;
Strive while the better things of life
Are laughed at in their dust.
Hoard till your poisoned heart and brain
Are wearied with their lust!

IN A CITY GRAVEYARD

Then let a newer world be born,
Well worthy of mankind;
With room to hope, with room to love;
With place for heart and mind.
With space to live, with space to die,
And no good left behind!

COURAGE, MY HEART

COURAGE, my heart, amidst the battle here!
Ever its winter season hath the year;
Rouse, rouse thyself, and fight on without fear;
At last the flowered springtime will appear.
Courage, my heart!

Courage, my heart, and fail not in the fight!
The day is struggling in the bonds of night;
Yield not one step: nay, dare all with thy might;
The hours are counted that shall bring the light.
Courage, my heart!

Courage, my heart, and let deed follow deed!
Slow is the increase of the long-sown seed;
Hear no dark words, and no forbodings heed;
The harvest days will come and bring their meed.
Courage, my heart!

COURAGE MY HEART

Courage, my heart, strive on for mastery!
The winds and waves have strength upon the sea;
Remember that thou hast been bold and free;
The ship at length shall in its harbor be.

Courage, my heart!

Courage, my heart, and be thou staunch and
strong!
The things are many which would work thee
wrong;
Beat bravely now, and breast thy foes in throng;
For thou shalt triumph. Sing the victor's song!

Courage, my heart!

WARRIOR TRUTH

WITH proof's linked armor on thy breast,
And words like swords to ward thee
well,

And shield of daring, that can tell
Of all the strifes which thou hast pressed,
Alert and ever without rest,
Fronting the false I see thee wait,
The fire of challenge in thy heart
And in thine eye the look of fate.

Or friendless 'neath the colder stars,
Or pilloried in the sun's hot glow,
Or vile betrayed by Judas foe,
Or bound and gagged behind steel bars,
Or swathing round thy cruel scars,
Or bleeding, with life pouring fast,
Thy spirit none could overwhelm
Through all thy countless combats past.

WARRIOR TRUTH

Nay, thou art mightier than the might
Of every form of legioned lies;
Vaster in strength than hills that rise
And pierce the heavens with their height;
Greater than day or than the night;
Triumphant from thy first drawn breath,
Till torture hears thy battle song
Immortal on the lips of death!

LABOR'S TRAGEDY

FOR tragedy seek not the mimic stage;
Look thou on men who fall 'neath Plutus'
gyves:
These, robbed of manhood, hunger's battle
wage,
Giving for beggars' crusts their beggared
lives!

TO MY COUNTRY

AMERICA, who fought'st one tyrant down,
And paid thy blood until thy slaves were
freed,

Lo! thou hast wrought full good in many a
deed

Of liberty, nor trusted king or crown.

There have been lapses; on thine high renown
Dark stains are dyed; but thy true sons, thy
seed,

Who to thy grandeur harken with glad heed,
Weep at thy sins, and o'er each folly frown.

Now wilt thou strike this monster, Mammon,
dead,

That blinds a people as kings did of old.

Nay, though the tempter sue thee, tireless, bold,
Be not to shame and sin and darkness wed;
But with thine hosts, on love of freedom fed,
Arise, and end the tyranny of gold!

WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT A MAN?

WHAT shall it profit a man if he shall gain
the whole world and lose his own soul;
Shall sell all he is, save his might and the lusts
of the flesh, for mere glittering dole?

Which of his countless possessions shall equal
and pay for the loss he abides,
Of the just sense of truth, and innocent hopes
of good hap, and worthiest prides?

Who would give his good feelings, pure
thoughts, clean purposes sure, the clear-
ness within,
For the tithes of black evil, the interest of
falsehood and pillage, the wages of sin?

WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT A MAN

How can one find him delight in the counting
of gold and the measure of lands,
While he may not go forth with true kindness
at heart of his heart, and good deeds in
his hands?

When shall it seem to him well that his tribute
comes quick and his coffers are sure,
As he sees haggard hunger stalk by and the
look of dismay in the eyes of the poor?

Whom shall he look to for friendship or for
comradely words through the lengthen-
ing years,
While the power of his will upon men shall but
teach them to watch in hatreds and
fears?

Whence may peace come to him smiling, and
bid him have rest, with his burden made
light,
Nor the hours of his sleep still torture and tear
with remorse in the midst of the night?

WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT A MAN

Where shall he flee that his brand as of Cain
shall be hidden nor seen any more,
And the ghosts of his love and his trust shall
not rise from their graves, and accuse
o'er and o'er?

Why shall he wish, then, to live, or have hope
of himself, or seek any goal—

What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the
whole world and lose his own soul?

A CAGED BIRD'S SONG

I SIT and I sing with unmoved wing;
But though these be golden prison bars,
Oft I am sad when you think me glad,
With thoughts of the air and the sun and
stars.

I long to be free; and your love for me
Is stained with the wish to hold me here.
When I dream I could stay, still I must obey;
For you trust me not, and your heart is fear.

I cannot forget if I would—and yet—
I should love you well if you loved me more.
Now I sit and I wait for an unlocked gate,
Then out into sunshine to sing and to soar!

If you cage me and hold till my wings grow
old,
I shall not be yours, whatever your art:
With this longing of mine I shall pine and
pine;
You will have my body, but never my heart!

THE BABY'S SMILE

THE baby's smile, so strangely sweet,
It makes me wish, the while,
For worlds where I should ever meet
The baby's smile.

Born of pure joy ; so free from guile :
Flower of a heart whose beat
Is ever true midst good and vile.

Where men go masked, white with deceit,
Where shameless deeds defile,
One thing shows flawless and complete—
The baby's smile!

PLACE de la CONCORDE

(PARIS)

TO the roll of a drum
See the tumbrels come,
In irony's parade;
Each cart with a crew
Whose brows drip dew,
Whose cheeks to ashes fade.

'Tis the sun of day:
Night fades away,
And the breeze flows freshly by;
The song of a bird
O'erhead is heard,
But these are doomed to die!

With a curse and a frown
They bid them down,
Each for his turn to wait;
And none stands long,
Of weak or strong,
For death has lust to state.

PLACE de la CONCORDE

See! Necks are bared,
And the blade prepared
Which rolls good heads in the mud.
The guillotine
It is quick and keen,
For it loves to taste warm blood.

And the killer who works,
He stoops, and jerks,
And lifts a lump on high,
And dangles a head,
Alive, though dead,
With its slowly closing eye.

A score lie still;
And the mob, at will,
Shrieks vengeance or despair.
Hark: hear the mash
Of the feet asplash
In the gory runnels there!

They come, they come,
Bound, gagged, and dumb;
And murder waits. . . . What! . . . Oh!
'Tis the fountain's plash;—
And its crystal splash;—
And the water's dripping flow.

PLACE de la CONCORDE

'Tis the carriage wheels;—
And the muffled peals
Of a bell struck far away;—
And the people clad
For a fete, and glad
With the joy of a holiday.

'Tis a lofty stone,
That stands alone,
And not death's dread machine,
In a little plot
Which marks the spot
Where stood the guillotine.

And the Place shines fair
In the springtime air,
And the chestnut blossoms blow——
'Twas another day,
In the far-away
Of six score years ago!

They died for pride;
For truth they died;
They died for good, and ill;
But though their pain
Lives not again,
Their memories bleed here still.

TO THE ENEMIES OF FREE SPEECH

AS well to lay your hands upon the sun
And try with bonds to bind the morning
light,
As well on the four winds to spend your might,
As well to strive against the streams that run;
As well to bar the seasons, bid be done
The rain which falls; as well to blindly fight
Against the air, and at your folly's height
Aspire to make all power that is be none.

As well to do all this as to impeach
Man's tongue, and bid it answer to the schools;
As well to do all this, as gives us rules,
And bid us hold our words within your reach;
As well all this, as try to chain man's speech.
So others learned before ye lived, O fools!

THE RED FLAG

BANNER of crimson waving there,
Thou shalt have full homage from me;
First among flags thou gleamest fair,
Symbol of love and of life made free.
The nations have chosen standards of state
To flaunt to the winds since time began;
Emblems of rivalry, pride and hate;
But thou are the flag of the world, of MAN.

Red as the blood of freedom's dead,
Thy hues might well have flowed from their
veins.

Red as the one blood of man is red,
Holy thou art in thy sanguine stains.
Holy as truth and holy as right;
Sacred as wisdom and sacred as love;
Worthy the rapture that lifted to light
Thy glorious shape where it ripples above.

THE RED FLAG

Unto the spirit of friendliness

Thou wast fashioned, to comfort man's hungry thought;

To shine for the deeds that alone can bless,

And the life of brotherhood nobly wrought.

Unto the spirit that rends the gyves

And shatters the bonds that makes men slaves;

The spirit that suffers and sinks and strives,

Till it strengthens hope, till it lifts and saves.

Thou art no new thing; thou hast waved from
of old.

Thou hast seen the day be born from the
night;

And hast streamed for truth where the truth
was bold

As time fled on to the future's light.

Beyond all the seas, on many a shore,

Thou hast buttressed the heart and stiffened
the hand

To struggle for fellowship o'er and o'er,

From the youth to the age of the eldest land.

THE RED FLAG

Thou hast called to battle! Yea, thou hast led
Where men have followed, forgetting fears;
And hast solaced the dying and graced the
dead,

Stained with blood and with dust and tears—
Blood, a full tribute paid for peace;

Tears shed free o'er humanity's wrongs,
While faith in thy cause, that could never
cease,

Met tyranny's swords, and fell, singing thy
songs.

As thou art loved, thou art loathed, full well;
Loathed and cursed by the lords of power.
Ever they name thee the flag of hell,

And rage in the fear of thy triumph hour.
But their grasp grows weak on the wills of
men;

Their armies falter; their guns are rust;
As from prison, and labor and poverty's den
Thy hosts speak NO to their crumbling lust.

THE RED FLAG

See! Now there greet thee ten million eyes,
And lips uncounted smile to thy red.
Yes, those who bow to thy crimson dyes,
Are myriads more than all of thy dead.
Lo! The young clap hands at thy bright unrest;
And the child in arms it leaps in its glee.
Nay, babes unborn, 'neath the mother's breast,
Are given and pledged to thy cause and thee!

Banner of freedom, and freedom's peace,
Float in thy beauty, in sign of the day
When ravage of power and conquest shall
cease,
And mouldering tyranny pass away.
Who would not all for thy promise give?
As I gaze on thy folds one wish have I—
To love thee and honor thee while I live,
And fold thee around me when I must die!

IN THE HOUR OF EXECUTION

IS this what we must bear, O Freedom,
Mother,
To see thy face and but to touch thy hand?
Is there no easier way?
Must death another take, and yet another,
While tears and lamentations through the
land
Show the great price we pay?
Yet, if it must be, Freedom, none say nay.

See, Thou, these waiting for the hangman's
halter;—
These friends of man, must these be given
to death?
Freedom, we ask again!
If in the sacrifice we do not falter,
Wilt thou repay us for their strangled
breath?
Wilt thou come nearer men?
Thou wilt, we hope. With groans we give
these, then.

IN THE HOUR OF EXECUTION

The debt is paid!—Thy martyrs lie before us,
Their mute lips speak thy words into our
ears,

And bid us seek thee far.

Freedom, we know thy sun shall yet shine o'er
us;

And looking up, exalted, through our tears,

We cry, beneath thy star,

“Take these! Take us, if need be; thine we
are!”

THE ABANDONED MILL

Long has it hidden, hushed and still,
Beside the river here.
The sagging doors swing to and fro;
The roof is gone, the walls are low,
And half in dust lie beam and sill,
Rain-wasted many a year.

You hardly find it where it stands
And slowly crumbles down,
Vine wreathed and circled round by trees.
Like some walled garden filled with ease,
It lies up the verdant lands,
A blur of mellow brown.

The dam that pent those waters tight
No labor could redeem.
The water gates they lift no more,
But o'er them amber waters pour;
And the flume that once shaped all that
might,
Lies buried in the stream.

THE ABANDONED MILL

They left the city's stony street,
Mid profit's might and sway,
And brought the worship of base gold
Where green lands stretched and rivers
 rolled;
And builded here beside the wheat,
 Among the flowers of May.

They builded here. They choked the flood,
 Their turbines sucked it through.
The stunned woods echoed back the roar
And whine of shapes that picked and tore,
And spun and wove, with crash and thud,
 That warp and woof be true.

But Nature welcomed not their din;
 Her virginal clean life
Was far too full of gentleness;
She startled at their noisome stress;
As though her heart were torn within
 By all that alien strife.

The dyes ran turbid from the vats,
 Polluting all the air.
They stained the waters ghastly green,

THE ABANDONED MILL

And scummed the pools with purple sheen.
The fish all fled, and noxious gnats
Swarmed cloud-like everywhere.

No; Nature saw her own depart,
To wait in sorrow far.
Her pleasant airs, her butterflies,
Her birds that gladdened earth and skies,
They vanished, and she felt the smart
Like an unhealing scar.

She set her borders round about,
And stayed not more anear;
Mourning darker days begun,
And dreaming on sweet seasons done.
Only the stream clove in and out,
Through lands all dead and sere.

The mill roared on from spring to fall,
And round to spring again;
Daily the sun rose in the sky,
Yet never did the tumult die.
It almost seemed men would forestall
The months, nor let the wane;

THE ABANDONED MILL

Forgetting rest, and toiling still,
As though they might not wait:
As if to struggle were the end
To which all life was born to bend;
The iron measure of the will,
The very law of fate.

Full hard they strove by day and night
To shape their produce fair;
And by the scores the young and strong,
Man and maid in anxious throng,
Toiled at the task with merging might,
Sore wearied with their care.

Full hard they strained through dust and
din,
And struggled still for pelf;
But hour by hour they failed to hold
Their grasp upon the hoarded gold:
Their substance piled up high within,
In box, in bale, on shelf.

No; Mammon's might would not endure
Save where the cities ward.
They could not barter what they wrought,

THE ABANDONED MILL

Nor could they win the power they sought.
They could not make their profits sure,
 Though striving long and hard.

Upon a day no din arose
 To shame the rising sun.
No winding labor plodding down,
Emptied the hillside little town;
And each man spoke as one who knows
 That wearying tasks are done.

No smoke fled from the chimney more;
 No stains befouled the stream;
No noxious odors choked the air
And left the spring winds poisoned there;
And rock and turf and wave and shore
 Seemed waiting in a dream

Yes, that great voice at last grew still
 Upon a morn in May;
And there the owners came and stood,
Debating over mill and flood;
Disputing on their venture, till
 A fortnight passed away.

THE ABANDONED MILL

They freed the stream; they stopped the
wheels;

They barred the portals tight;
They covered o'er, as though in tombs,
The silent spindles, cards and looms,
The shining shuttles and the reels,
And shuttered out the light.

And thus they left it, with their host,
To come not back again.
They left it, master, artisan;
They left it, to a single man.
Long years it stood, the mocking ghost
Of all their labors vain.

Long, long it stood; they came not back,
And none remained to tell.
The floors began to sag and sink;
And in the walls showed many a chink;
And every chink yawned to a crack;
Until it crumbling, fell.

It stood, then fell; and Nature now,
As if in pity's guise,
Has covered o'er the walls with green,

THE ABANDONED MILL

And aisles where Mammon walked between;
And makes it all her own somehow,
Half hidden from her eyes.

Gone are the signs of price and pelf;
Gone every usurer.
The wild rose blooms atop the wall;
There flutters near the cardinal;
And the lizard lies and suns itself,
And harks to the grasshopper.

No more the sweating worker strains
Through weary rounds of toil:
Not here he wishes day were done;
Not here he sighs at set of sun,
And feels the blood ache in his veins
Because of marring moil.

No more the master counts his hoard
Or reckons on his loss;
Young trees are springing where he stood
And only thought of his own good;
And in the vault, where wealth was stored,
The floor is velvet moss.

THE ABANDONED MILL

The steel shapes lie in blistering rust ;
 But o'er them, for a sign,
With random clasp and careless grace,
As holding them in half embrace,
Trailing bright trumpets in the dust,
 Wild honeysuckles twine.

And murmuring bees are busy here,
 And rainbow butterflies ;
And winds go wandering to and fro
With softest voice, and gently blow ;
While like great sails, now far, now near,
 White clouds float in blue skies.

The children play beside the wave
 And shout all glad and free ;
Startling the fish, which keep them cool
In many a deeper channeled pool ;
And cattle stand and drink and lave
 With woodland liberty.

The pleasant fields anear have life,
 Where farmers stir the soil ;
Where singing plowmen guide their
 shares,

THE ABANDONED MILL

And live their day with lightest cares:
Not serving in some alien strife,
But simple, wholesome toil.

And all around are sun and shade
And the river's pleasant voice.
The quiet of pure harmony
Upon the whole earth seems to lie
From morning till the day is stayed,
And the watching stars rejoice.

It is an ardent hour in June,
Of wedded earth and skies;
And all that is seems wholly blent,
As if perfection thus were spent:
As if life here had sought a boon,
And shaped a paradise.

IBSEN

THOU warrior who had'st for captain, Truth,
Who, reared to knightly service, shrank'st
from naught

Of all the deeds whence victory is wrought,
But stoutly held'st thine own in age and youth,
Thou wast indeed of those whom power indu'th
With Titan strength; in double darkness fraught
With giant falsehoods thy long fight was fought,
But these found in thy hand no touch of ruth.

Now is the end, with peace unknown before;
For death hath come and said, "Enough: give
o'er."

Fold then, at last, thine arms across thy breast
And take the soldier's well-earned boon of rest;
Which, when all honor his, there is no more,
And after war's long ardor, seemeth best.

A DESIRE

LET me be loved ! I do not ask for fame,
Or grandeur of a splendid hollow name
Cut deep in bronze or marble to forgetfulness ;
Rather than be a Cæsar, Angelo,
Or Croesus to whom seas of wealth must flow,
I would be one that all his fellow men might
bless.

The Earth grows full of deeds which stagger
thought,
And vast achievements unto wonder wrought—
The works of might which challenge awe or bid
us fear ;
But what are such to acts that find their end
In giving every man the world for friend,
And bring time's best-of-gifts, the golden age,
more near ?

A DESIRE

Nay, what are victories over land and sea,
The air subdued, invention's mastery,
Life's means increased, and each gigantic marvelous plan;

Nay, what are all the triumphs of the past,
Save as they serve to form one race at last,
And merge their ripe results in free confederate man!

Let me be loved. Yes, give to me his heart
Who treasures in his breast the artless art
To put one wish, one word on every living lip;
Let me be him, and have his gracious mind,
Whose power finds fruits in arms and hearts
entwined,
Whose monument at last is world-wide fellowship.

TO THE COLD

NO more your lukewarm praise to martyrs give,
Ye men who drowse while warring worlds
pass by ;
These men faced wrong like men, and died to
live,
While ye, born soulless, do but live to die!

THE AGITATOR

WHERE hurrying thousands meet,
And pour in living streams on either
hand,
Amidst the strident street,
With set and stubborn face he takes his stand,
The lesson to repeat
Of evil days and acts which curse the land.

Indifference cools him not ;
And jeers and blows he takes, perchance, be-
side.
Brave, he accepts his lot ;
At worst he meets it with a martyr's pride.
To bear, he knows not what,
He seeks the crowd and will not be denied.

THE AGITATOR

His voice is loud and strong,
And vigorous gestures add their potent force,
As to the restless throng
He pictures clear corruption's crafty course,
Or challenges the wrong
Which in some unjust privilege finds its source.

A true son of the soil,
And feeling, as the hard-pressed masses feel,
The things which mar and spoil,
And bind life down with bonds as strong as
steel,
He knows the men who toil,
And truth to these he can most clear reveal.

No knotty theories
He offers to the listeners who attend,
Or generalities,
Which glitter with the gilt that fine words
lend;
He sets forth what he sees
So simply that who hears can comprehend.

THE AGITATOR

The deep philosopher,
 The pedant wise, whose wisdom makes him
 cold,
Instructs, but cannot stir
 The heart of work, whose hope is tired and old ;
But this one strives to spur
 The rebel in the blood and make it bold.

He lifts the common thought,
 And e'en the common heart up to the light ;
Till, by his teaching wrought
 To understand their wrongs and know their
 might,
Plain men at last are brought
 To rouse in truceless struggle for the right.

THE CHALLENGE OF LIBERTY

NOW, Man, Arouse! Awake!
Put the sleep from off thine eyes;
At last the Dark of Ages dies.
A flush mounts in the eastern skies;
The Morn begins to break.
Hear thou! Arise! Arise!

That mad dream of thy Kind—
The dream that life must feed on fear;
That man to man may draw not near;
That Thou art borne to hatred here—
Nay, put it out of mind.
Be thou of better cheer!

Let thy doubts be done.
Master and Slave shall be no more!
Around the Earth, from shore to shore,
Cry, "Comrades, come! Time's night is o'er!"
Then turn and greet the Sun,
With Glory all before!

HIS FIRST SNOW

HER sweet babe laughs where he lies
At the snow floating down from the skies.
At first with a look of surprise
He gazed at the thing of strange guise;
Questioning; making replies;
Brow-puckered, to criticise.

He exclaimed. Then we saw in his eyes
An expression of wondrous surmise.
Was his thought that some hand very wise
For him a new joy did devise?
He crowed, and attempted to rise.
But time, unrelenting, denies
Strength unto forms of such size;
So he stretches his hands toward the skies
And looks and laughs where he lies.

MAGDALENE PASSES

WHAT one is this, that bears the band of
shame within her breast,
And wanders through the mocking land, denied
a place of rest?
What one is this, your hue and cry pursue with
withering hate,
Until her best hope 'is to die, nor meet a harder
fate?

This, this is she who hides her head in shame
to gloom the sun;
Who waits, as in their graves the dead, until
the day is done;
Whose tasks make pitiful the dark, and dread-
ful all the night,
And leave her spirit stricken stark and crushed
at morning light.

MAGDALENE PASSES

Beneath the show of silk and lace her form is
 spare and shrunk,
And through the rouge upon her face see how
 her cheeks have sunk.
Her lightsome laugh hides not her thought; her
 brow is scarred with care,
And her flashing rings with jewels wrought,
 but gild and grace despair.

Has she no tears to weep for grief, no voice to
 cry with woe,
No memories panged beyond belief for joys of
 long ago,
Has she no tortured dreams to smart, no an-
 guish for her brow,
Has she no broken bleeding heart, that you
 must curse her now?

Is here no innocence o'erthrown, no wrecked
 sweet maidenhood,
No sense of loss, like heavy stone, to make
 her doubt all good?
Are here no woman's ruined charms, no dead
 and withered breasts?
Are here no hapless, vacant arms, which should
 lull babes to rest?

MAGDALENE PASSES

And what are you, who at her gird, and deem
yourselves unstained;
Do you forget your black, false word, the
righteous act disdained,
Your lust of power, the debtor's tears, cold
hunger's starving cries,
And all the evil of your years, that clamors to
the skies!

Your horror is a veil to wear and cover o'er
your deeds;
Your wrongs are pointing at you there, though
none their presence heeds.
Your vileness would itself deny in falsest hate
of hers;
Gaze at yourselves with inward eye, you
whited sepulchers!

Repent! Your vanity betrays, and wrenches
reason strong,
Until it warps the truth to ways which shape
a right of wrong;
But every sin is still a sin; and if your hands
be shriven,
Her heart is not more black within, and she
shall be forgiven.

MAGDALENE PASSES

You ask not where those siren lips learned their
unworthy skill,
Nor reck of how shame's black eclipse obscured
her purer will.
You think not whence fair thoughts like flowers
gave room to passions low ;
You know not of her girlhood's hours ; you do
not care to know.

Nay ! But the truth cries for the light, and
struggles to be heard ;
The story of her bruise and blight shall out in
burning word—
Yours was the power which crushed that grace
and gave it to despair,
And the mask of beauty on that face, your hands
have painted there !

She was the temple of your lust, the altar of your
greed ;
The sacrifice of faith and trust you made with
careful heed.
She was the price of pleasure's worth, the weight
against your gold,
Where love and truth repine in dearth, and all
is bought and sold.

MAGDALENE PASSES

And will you loathe your work at last, and spurn
her with disgust?
And shall your pride blot out the past and hide
her murdered trust?
And will you brand upon her brow the deeds
which she doth do?
Speak; will you dare to hate her now, who weeps,
and pardons you?

Nay, no more scoff to see her sink, nor laugh
upon her tears;
You shall not hand hate's baneful drink, and
mock her with your jeers.
Bow down and hide your heads for shame, and
for your acts atone,
Accept your guilt; abide your blame; nor cast
a single stone.

And crimson sin shall balance sin, and none shall
be denied,
Till every heart is soft within and humbled in
its pride.
And each with each shall equal stand, and all be
one in worth,
Till every hand shall clasp a hand and love shall
fill the earth.

PLUTUS AND DEMOS

PLUTUS hath riches of untold degree ;
He goeth to bed in gold, and riseth up ;
And Demos, ah, none live so poor as he,
Who knoweth not if he shall dine or sup !

Plutus hath wheaten loaves and dainty fare ;
Plutus hath raiment fine, and purchased art.
Demos grows old in youth with withering care ;
But Demos, though 'tis broken, hath a heart.

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IN RENUNCIATION

EARTH'S winter hath the friendly sun,
Which smiles upon the snow;
And bright on bending boughs of trees
The fresh frost blossoms blow.
Earth's winter hath the fields asleep,
Which hear no freezing wind,
And willing streams that patient creep
Where icy fetters bind.

Heart's winter hath the glow of thought
That flames to comprehend,
And will which nobly scorns to break,
The while it yields to bend.
Heart's winter hath the unruffled soul
Whose labors may not cease,
And life still making toward its goal,
Filled with the strength of peace.

THE MODERN TYRANT

HE doth not gather armies in his hand,
With generals and captains formed for
fight,
And swooping down with hosts in steelèd might,
O'erwhelm a nation and lay waste its land;
Nor through wars' treacherous wiles doth he
command
To slaughter freedom's servants in the night,
And thus by stealth break every sword of right—
Not with shed blood doth he the truth withstand.

His hosts are shaped of heapèd coins of gold
Dazzling a people drunk with tricks of power;
His generals and captains, shame's true flower,
Are bribes to silence men who else were bold;
Who now sit calm, complaisant, hour by hour
To see truth trafficked in, and honor sold!

THE RULER

IN comradeship his nature has no part;
The power to rule and scorn is all his aim.
“Give me a throne which crushes mankind’s heart
And let my glory be the whole world’s shame!”

FRIENDSHIP

WE cannot rise too high for this ;
We cannot fall too low.
Or praised as gods, or in the dust,
It follows where we go.

It is not gained through noble deeds ;
It shrinks not from life's hurts.
Too humble 'tis for pride to taint,
Too great to seek deserts.

Its sacred solace all accept
Nor ponder on the cause ;
It is of things that ask no rule,
That stand above the laws.

Of things upon no judgment built ;
No weighing of the mind—
The hunger of the human heart
To treasure still its kind.

FRIENDSHIP

Amidst the loathing and the scorn
Some hands will faithful be ;
If honors thicken, such will yet
Give love's simplicity.

Our morning sun, it shines when strength
Keeps failure from us far ;
And when we sink, and strive no more,
It glows, our evening star.

TO CERTAIN WRITERS

YOU, who write for the past—realists, poets,
romancers,
Waifs of a time that has fled, or lingers a moment, to go—
You pause in the grey of this dawn like a rout of
poor mountebank dancers,
Who feel themselves out of place, and whose
antics none relish or know.

For this is the new day of Earth, and the spirit
of comradeship, waking,
Springs from its centuried bed and hastens,
majestic, to light;
Lo! the hand of its strength is athrill with the
rending of things and the breaking,
As it crushes the lies of the past and sweeps
them away to the night.

TO CERTAIN WRITERS

Here the fresh heart of mankind, turning away
from your heroes

And heroines great by a code; with thrones,
and a world in the dust—

Turning away from your true and your false, all
your plebs and your Neros,

Spurns on them outworn and rotting, and
laughs at their hope and their lust.

Yes, a strong Titan, new born, your hoary old
customs disdaining—

Your rights and your wrongs, your shadow-
like virtues and sin,

Heartens itself for its tasks, the gaining of things
worth the gaining,

And with a fresh song in its mouth bends glad
o'er the work and begins.

What can you give of the dead, that is not as
dead in the giving?

All this old life on our minds weighs down and
is heavy as lead.

Away with these mummies that mock, and as
you live, write for the living!

Or if you are weak with the old, lie down and
be still with your dead.

ANNOUNCEMENT

THE days are calm. By this we know
What Spring late whispered to the snow,
“Begone and let the wild flowers blow!”

The sun grows warm upon the earth
That naked lay in death and dearth,
And lo, the young green grass in birth!

A smell of mold is in the air,
Blown from the hillside plowman’s share,
Which doth the fallow ground prepare;

Loud laugh the brooks; the soft air plays;
The silver pussy willows raise
Their heads along the winding ways;

Anemone and violet
Await the call which they must get,
Low hid where woods and fields are met;

ANNOUNCEMENT

The swelling twigs on every tree
Announce the leaves; the summer bee
Comes forth and hums as he were free;

The birds grow glad about the door;
Each morning brings another score
To live the happy seasons o'er;

And whoso hears and sees these things,
His winter care away he flings,
And sings, and labors while he sings.

COMPENSATION

IF I may have none other hope than this,
That my life will not prove all void and vain,
But show ripe fruit and worthy when its wane
Calls truth to witness, much I must bear to miss ;
I shall have need to turn from thoughts of bliss
And set myself a stoic strength to gain ;
Have need to laugh at weakness, welcome pain,
And hold the world's cold frown e'en as her kiss.

If I may have none other hope——Ye deeds
In which we prove ourselves of finest mold,
Too great for praise, too pure for lust of fame,
Ye still shall bring to man, now, as of old,
That fair reward, the greatest of all meeds,
A lofty joy, commensurate with the aim !

THE CRY OF HUMANITY

SAD with grief and stricken with strange sorrow,

Panged with pains of tasks that bear no fruit,
Choked with recollections that can borrow

Naught of peace to make black memory mute,
Bitter with long trial and lamentation,

Hopes that fail and fears which foil each plan,
Empty of all laughter and elation,

Sound the cries of man.

Hark, the words of mourning and dejection

From all human hearts in weariness!

“Oh!”, they grieve, “There is no recollection

Save of hopeless hope and barren stress.

Strife there is, and struggle unabating;

Time is wed with sorrows that ne’er cease.

Worn are we with wishing and with waiting;

Is there any peace?”

THE CRY OF HUMANITY

The rich cry out, "We live in golden anguish
And barren labor of vain luxury.
Amidst our power and place we tire and languish,
And all our spoil is hidden misery!
Restless still, we seek the ways of pleasure;
The world we search to satiate our lust.
Hoarding joys of living without measure,
We sicken with disgust!"

The poor give voice: "Naught win we for our
labor
Save weariness of hands and bitter bread;
We that have want and penury for neighbor,
Nor may we take thought that we be clothed or
fed!
We serve, yet gain not; trust without requiting;
Gather our fruits to see them born away;
For us there is nor pleasure nor delighting,
From day to dreary day!"

Young and old, and weak and strong, are plain-
ing;
Wise and foolish wonder and bewail—
"What we gather, is it worth the gaining?
When we triumph do we more than fail?"

THE CRY OF HUMANITY

Joy there is, we see not how 'tis hidden ;
Where waits balm in Gilead for our woes?
Are all to feasts of dust and ashes bidden
Until brief life's dark close?"

The yearning cries they echo without ceasing,
Sombre at daybreak, sad at day's dark end:
"Pity we pray for sadness still increasing,
And life that not a little joy will lend!"
All men bow down and fear joy cometh never:
"If life hath good, let no more hours go by;
If there be hope, must we but hunger ever?
Help us, or we die!"

MARTYRDOM

TO look for the truth with an open mind,
Bravely leaving the lies behind;
Suffering doubt, and, even worse,
The pangs of superstition's curse—
Or to hide the truth 'neath falsehood's crust,
And let your mind corrode in rust,
Fearing to know, and clinging still
To the dreams which work your nature ill;
Reason and wisdom rejected;—come;
Which is the greater martyrdom!

To utter your thoughts before all men;
Speaking full freely with voice and pen;
True to the truth, while it brings to you
But cold contempt or a harsh taboo—
Or to lock your lips, all worth resigned,
While you make a grave of the fruitful mind;
And fawn on the knee with the fawning crowd,
The shallow-souled and the narrow-browed;
The price of your silence a slave's ease;—
come;
Which is the greater martyrdom!

MARTYRDOM

To act as you think; untrammelled and bold;
To do and to give, or refuse and withhold;
Enduring scorn, or things more fell;
The mob perhaps, or a prison cell—
Or to chain your hands to your chained lips,
And crouch, your manhood in eclipse;
For the whip of a custom to come or go;
To the idols of force your head bowed low;
Your payment a server's existence;—come;
Which is the greater martyrdom!

To live for the right though the whole world
 blame;
Taking no thought of fame or shame;
Fighting; and falling if you must;
Your face to the wrong as you sink in the
 dust—
Or to sell your heart and your soul for peace,
And get for your gain a longer lease
Of a life which at most can be but a lie;
Bound in shame till it rot and die;
All of its potencies palsied;—come;
Which is the greater martyrdom!

NOVEMBER VIOLETS

AMONG the ruins of the year they stood;
Blue, delicate blossoms and their bright
green leaves.

Summer was dead, and Autumn with her
sheaves

Had laughed and gone when, smiling in the
wood,

I saw their faces. "Beauty's hardihood!"

I cried, rejoicing. "What strange woe bereaves
Man, that too oft he slackly stands and grieves,
Aimless, and mumuring life hath little good?"

If we have power in us, it is a joy

That we may spring like blossoms from the
mire;

There is a rapture in the high employ,

Early or late, through gracious days or dire.

There is a glory, time cannot destroy

In facing all with hearts which never tire!

STRIKE

SONS and daughters born of toil,
Whom the proud, the rich despoil,
Will you longer starve and moil,
Driven like dumb beasts?
Comes a time for this to end:
Selfish power shall surely bend;
No more mind and body spend
For their idle feasts.

You have begged, and you have plead
With swollen powers on plenty fed;
New slaves were ready in your stead:—
They coldly bade you go.
You have ceased work here and there—
On locked doors they let you stare.
Now you can but yield,—or dare
To make wrong feel and know!

STRIKE

Let all service halt. Be done!
Day by day, yes sun by sun,
None shall labor, no, not one,
Nor heed them any more.
Clasp each comrade hand in hand;
Be as friends throughout the land;
Swear an oath to staunchly stand
Till all their rule is o'er.

They have strength, but so have you;
They are bold, be you, then, true;
Wrong is grey, your hope is new:
Yield not, and they yield.
You have life and you have light;
You have truth, and wisdom's might;
On your side there stands the right;
Learn the right to wield!

Starve and smile, nor break with care;
Fail not, though your backs be bare,
Nor shelter greet you anywhere—
Victory loves the brave!
Let them crowd their prisons well;
Let their tortures taste of hell;
Triumph shall ring through the knell,
Though you find a grave.

STRIKE

Think, think, only of your cause:
Care not for the world's applause;
Fear no vile enjoining laws;
 Strong be heart and brain.
Strong until the masters pale,
Strong until their power must fail,
Strong until their hands shall quail
 'Neath your grand disdain!

Strike at forge, at mine, at mill;
Strike at loom, at lathe, at still:
Be the prospect well or ill,
 Stand unitedly!
Power and arms and gold defy;
Strike against the social lie;
Strike until oppression die:
 Strike for liberty!

A DAY OF RECKONING

PEACE? Nay, not always! War for men,
not peace,
When liberty becomes an empty sound!
Let rage rise up, art, labor, science cease,
And forth, thou cleansing wrath, to battle-
ground!

WIND OF THE DAWN

WIND of the morning, young and free,
Flown o'er the headlands in from the
sea,

Winning thy way through the dim half dusk,
Sweet with salt and the sea flowers' musk,
Refreshing Day as she cometh there,
Cooling her hands and kissing her hair,
Waking her world where it lies in sleep
With the tonic breath of the western deep,
How did'st thou know that Night had with-
drawn,

Wind of the dawn;
How did'st thou guess in thy far clime,
Wind of the morning time?

Wind of the daylight, when the moon
Faltered, to fail after night's high noon,
Did Morning beacon with purpling sky,
As the dark with its dreams and its dews
swept by

WIND OF THE DAWN

Over the headlands and out to the sea,
Far through the gates of the mist, past thee?
Then did'st thou heed her, and hasten on
Back o'er the road that pale Night had gone,
Sounding thy vigorous herald horn,

Wind of the morn?

Was it thus that thou camest; was this thy
way,

Wind of the dawning day?

THE BELLS

FAIR shone that rich day of our love,
Lavished midst Autumn's bannered
trees:

A wondrous blue spread soft above;
Around us clung a scented lingering breeze.
The shimmering air streamed golden mist,
And from a mellow-tongued bell
There spake a voice the while we clasped and
kissed:
"Lo, life's glad hours are brief; ah, love ye,
lovers, well!"

Anhungered were we; in our hearts
Love's season ripened like the year.
We sought its fruits with passioned arts;
We said the words all honey-sweet to hear.
We looked the things love could not say,
And felt our hands his secrets tell;
And still that peal rang through the passing
day:
"Lo, life's glad hours are brief; ah, love ye,
lovers, well!"

THE BELLS

Our fervors, trembling, thrilled us through;
Love's quenchless lamp consumed with
fire.

The garland trees shone fair anew;
Life sang, and player a rapturous throbbing
lyre.

All things seemed made for thee and me,
As love had leashed them in a spell,
And still that sound told soft and tenderly:
"Lo, life's glad hours are brief; ah, love ye,
lovers, well!"

We answered it with yearning tears,
With clasping hands, with clinging lips.
We pledged, enraptured, future years
To love's all sweet, most rare apocalypse.
We rose at last and sought the night,
Our night, below there, in the dell;—
Rang through the sunset's ambient, beckoning
light:
"Lo, life's glad hours are brief; ah, love ye,
lovers, well!"

THE ROOKS

THE rooks in a band are in flight through the
sky,
For they wing far away ere the night dews are
dry;
Confederate still, as they were in their trees,
Though parting to mountains and meadows
and seas.

Each morning they flit to the crest of a knoll,
And chatter like wisdom discussing its goal;
Then far through the air their dark courses are
drawn,
Their wings beating bold toward the gates of
the dawn.

At evening they come with a sound like a wind,
Strong leaders in front, and tired stragglers be-
hind,
Close gathered from mountain and moorland and
stream,
Like a black shining cloud in the sunset's last
gleam.

THE ROOKS

They flutter to earth, whence they fly to the trees
In scores, or in sixes, in twos, or in threes ;
In peace and in order their thousands bestowed,
With room for each one in the green-leaved
abode.

These rookeries amply have sheltered their young
For half of the years that the branches have
swung.

They nest close together, and find it still good :
And who is more wise than this band of the
wood ?

From the vain strife of humans turned gladly
away,
I watch them at morn and at dusk of the day :
Wishing the world might come to these nooks
And see life's best lesson taught clear by the
rooks !

GREATNESS

GIVE me the life that animates the Oak,
Its calm, its depth of spirit and its power;
These, and its constancy would I invoke,
Rare things that pass not with the passing hour
Whether it be in time of leaf and flower,
Or when all life endures the winter's stroke,
Nobly it rears its head; a deathless dower
Of grandeur aye invests it like a cloak.

Give me these gifts, and I shall ever fare
Untiring, far up toward the longed for height;
No more strong, dauntless, in the morning air,
When all the way is clear with lucid light,
Than when with folded pinions I must bear
Along the dreadful gloomèd gulf of night.

WAITING

LIKE something carved in changeless stone,
she waits

Outside the city's barred and lockèd gates.
The men who foot the road, pass idly by,
Nor deign to turn upon her form an eye.

In painted face and borrowed trappings, fair,
Black Falsehood leers, and laughs upon her
there;

And murmurs glad, "Nay, none shall know her,
none :

For all their gold, well I my work have done."

The generations rise, and pause, and go;
And still the stream of life flows to and fro.
Unmoving, mighty, still her figure stands,
With vast, calm brow, and patient folded hands.

'Tis Freedom, the great mother. She is strong;
And long can wait, for she has waited long.
There is the light of knowledge in her look:
She reads the future as an open book.

WAITING

She knows, howe'er their wills the tyrants wreak,
That slow their power from day to day grows
weak;

That slow the people learn to feel the lie
Breathed down to them from those who sit on
high.

She knows power's ruthless hand in deeds of ill;
The hand which robs the people, and can kill.
She knows when men at last shall bid it pause:
She knows when they shall break the lawless
laws.

Sometime, or near or far, the gates within,
A cry shall rise of dissolution's din;
And those who scorn her now, will come and
plead:
"We knew thee not; thou art our leader. Lead!"

Then that grand shape shall move; and when
the last
The slave's linked chains from off his arms has
cast,
She shall be seen there at the leader's post,
Before the throng, the head of all the host.

WAITING

Until that hour she looks, and keeps her peace.
While all around the turmoil doth not cease,
She feels nor passion nor the touch of hate:
Her work inscribed upon the rolls of fate.

THE PROMISE

YOUR dreams of life shall not be fraught
In days to be, as now, with fear and care,
But faith and noble trust shall live in thought,
And make your musings fair.

The song of life then none shall make
Of doubts, of hunger's pangs, or hapless groans,
But from fair hope shall human music wake,
And joy shall thrill its tones.

The word of life shall not be said
In black distrust, in scorn, in craft, or guile,
But out of hearts on love's own plenty fed,
Your lips shall speak, and smile.

Your days of life shall not be spent
In loathed, servile tasks, in pinched distress,
But in glad work, glad ease, and calm content,
And wholesome happiness.

THE UNSPOKEN

CAST diamonds in a crucible
Alive with fire, and seek to cull
Their rainbow flashes beautiful.

Test roses in their purity :
Submit them to some chemistry ;
Try if they yield their grace to thee.

Loose the strings, and break the viol
Which knows to make e'en sorrow smile,
If music's self thou would'st beguile.

When roses yield what thou hast sought,
When the jewel's ray is caught,
When the charm of sound is wrought,

Thou shalt come, and with thine art
Force the portals of the heart,
And bid it all it holds, impart ;

Then, at last, shall speech reveal
Wonders silence now doth seal :
Things we only breathe and feel.

HUMANHOOD.

SOMETIMES, when I have gazed where sun-
sets burned,
Or listened while rich music thrilled the air,
The rapture of the hour has made me dare
To dream the future world; and I have yearned
To live when human love shall not be spurned
In all the earth, when mankind everywhere
Shall live in light, its deeds most clean and fair,
Its soul erect, the whole of truth discerned.

But when I look, and see my fellow men
Groping in darkness toward the perfect day,
Fighting the tiger in themselves, and crime,
The thought that I could leave them fades away,
And in my heart I clasp this truth again:
To love, to strive, to suffer, is sublime!

COMRADES

OVER the parting oceans,
O'er the dividing lands,
We call to you, our brothers ;
We stretch to you comrade hands.

Why should we strive for bondage?
Or war for the warring kings?
If we fight, let us fight for friendship,
And not for the meaner things.

Enough of the schemes of empire ;
Enough of the lusts of trade.
Eye unto eye, our fellows,
And let a new pact be made !

The lore of the ages tells it :
All wisdom's voices call,—
“Humans, ye stand, together ;
And, each against each, ye fall !”

COMRADES

We live united in sorrow
 Beneath the powers that destroy ;
Let us come close together,
 And live united in joy.

Enough of the bounds and borders ;
 Nay, no life stands alone.
Hear, men of the farthest nation :—
 We are made of one flesh and bone.

Away with the fear that parts us ;
 Away with our threatening might ;
Shout good speed to us, calling.
 Men of all earth, unite !

The world we have made awaits us
 With all of its goodly gains :
We have nothing to break but bondage,
 We have nothing to lose but chains.

Hope be with us forever,
 And strength, as the sun above.
The power of our hands be courage,
 The pulse of our hearts be love.

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